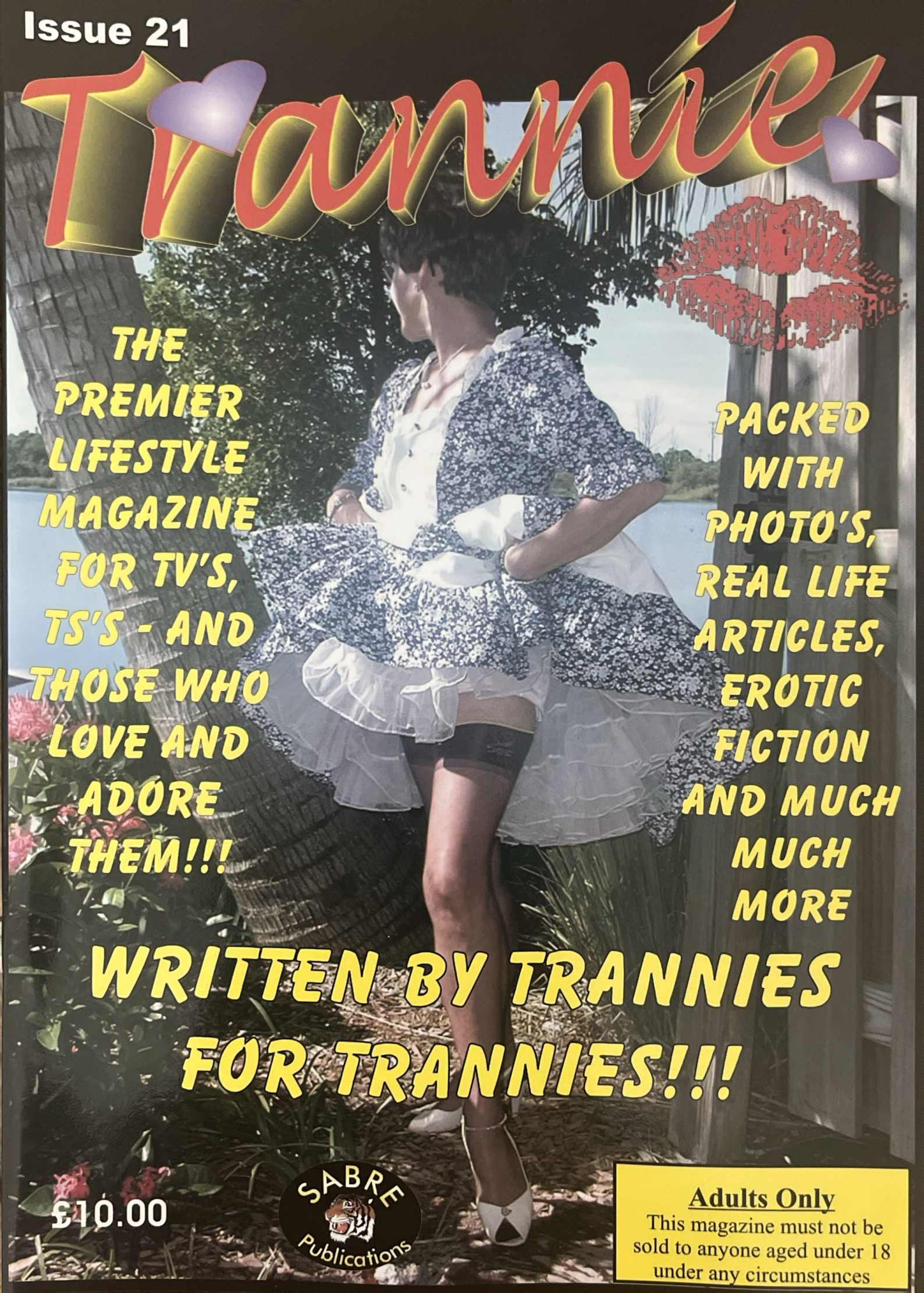
Issue 21

Trannie



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Coming OUT

In which is explained some of the reasons anyone would want - or need - to come out of the closet.

"Why do you have to tell anyone about whether or not you are gay" is a question put to many homosexuals "Can't you just keep your mouth shut - nobody would even be able to tell you were queer! Why rub our noses in what you do in bed?"

My mother once asked me "Why can't you just be Gay? then nobody would have to even know!"

Why would anyone ever need to come out, to reveal that they were Queer, whether being Gay, or even GenderQueer, such as the transsexual? Why not stay in the closet, and avoid any difficulty? Why tell? Why not just keep silent?

Let me explain why.

The true, heartfelt value of Coming Out is not a lot of things that many people seem to think it is. At the deepest level, Coming Out is not about being part of a community of other queers, it is not about political change or theory, it is not about rubbing anyone's nose in metaphoric do-do.

Coming Out is a matter of personal validation.

Our culture still puts a lot of energy into hatred and damnation of difference in general, and being queer in particular. From grade school on, the constant use of terms like 'fag' and 'lesbo' and 'sex change' as curses and disparagement inflicts and instills a deep set shame in almost everyone. This subtle and pervasive bigotry is quickly escalated to actual violence or discrimination that occurs on a daily basis that can affect almost every aspect of life.

Within such a toxic environment of both overt and covert condemnation, the queer individual is constantly under psychological and emotional attack.

This attack easily - and early in life - becomes internalized to varying degrees. Not only is the queer individual buffeted by storms of hatred outside, but soon becomes infected with hatred from the inside. Self worth becomes replaced with varying degrees of shame and even self loathing. Inevitably this leads to suffering, and even self destruction.

A viscious circle is created, one that derives from cultural pressure, and is sustained by internal judgment. The queer person hides to avoid pain and shame. The pain and shame become internalized as the cultural messages that cause it become part of the individual. Constant hiding implies the need to hide, and that need is based on the fear of rejection and harm. The individual, alone against society, finds it difficult to entirely reject the basis of the hatred of so many, and

a resulting self condemnation abets the impulse to hide. In turn, the act of hiding reinforces the internalized self condemnation, and so it goes, round and round.

To Come Out, is to stop hiding, and to break that viscious circle of self loathing.

We live in a culture focused on family and friends, on human interaction. The basis of most everyday communication is about our lives and our relationships. The closeted individual must either lie about their lives, or must fall silent and otherwise avoid basic human communication.

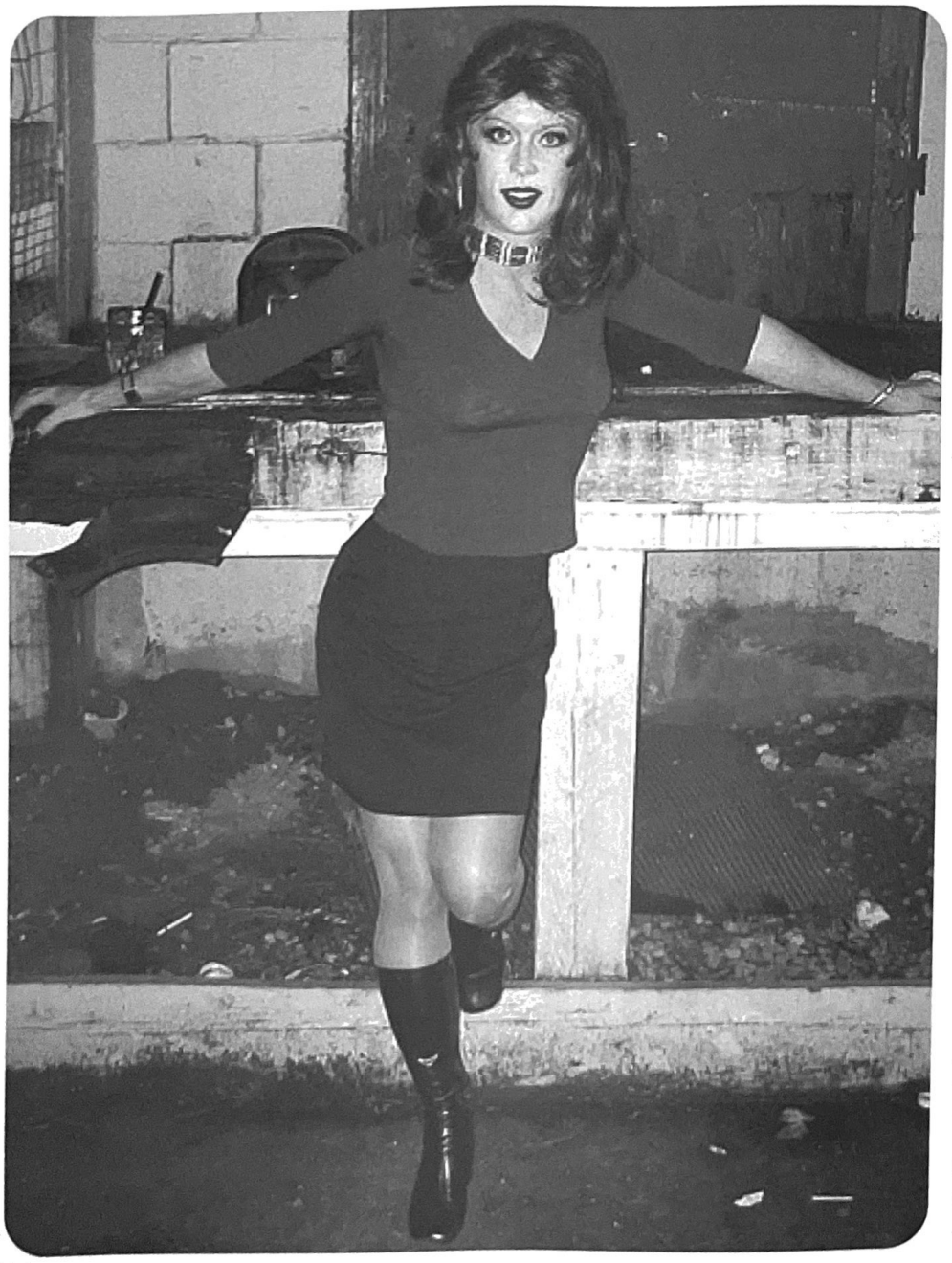
Over time, this causes multiple levels of suffering. To feel unable to express the joy of a happy day with a loved one, or to tell a funny story about one's life, or to share wisdom gained, is to be made mute. Such self censorship destroys the soul, and leads to withdrawal and depression.

When a person dares to Come Out, it is not about broadcasting the wonders of being gay, or of being transgendered, it is simply making a stand against the constant minimization and obliteration of their existence. To be Out is to claim the basic human feelings of dignity, self worth and the freedom to speak, to share, to be. The ability to communicate about one's own life in an honest and real manner, devoid of lies or subterfuge, without fear of discovery or embarrassment, just like any other person, is the deepest reason to Come Out.

The reason this site exists is because your author decided she was sick of forever being mute. The pain of having to fall silent, to hide, to change a subject to avoid accidental discovery, the constant terror that anyone should find out my awful secret, became too much to bear. I was living like a phantom, hiding invisibly in the shadows and margins of society.

Basic to that behavior, is the concept that my 'secret' was in fact 'awful'. Why? Why should it be so awful to be a transsexual? Why should it be so embarrassing, so shameful?

It is true that much of our society has a serious problem with the condition. There are those who feel fatal levels of hatred toward transsexuality, who care nothing about understanding it, or the suffering of its victims. There are narrow souls that refuse to accept the validity of the plight of the transsexual, or who would just as soon see all transsexuals dead.



There are some potential nasty consequences for the public transsexual, just as there is for the public queer of any stripe.

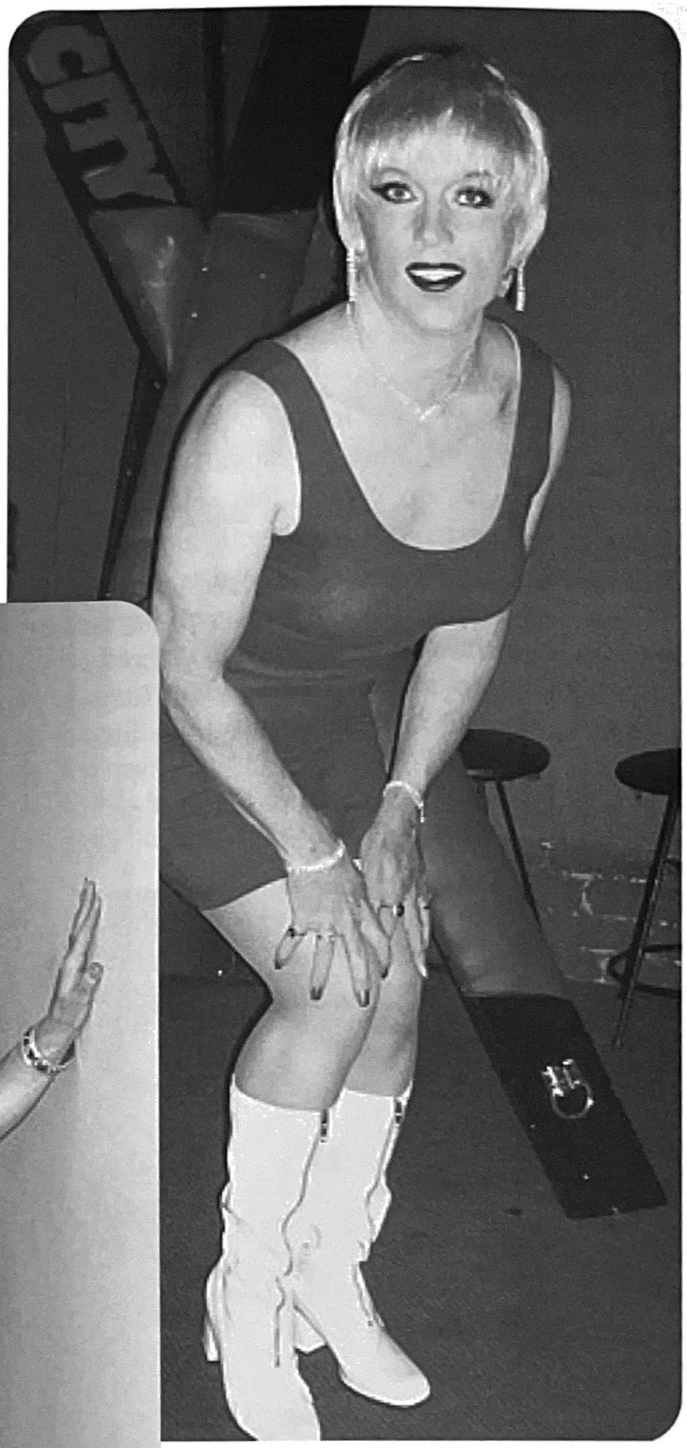
But perhaps even more so for the transgendered, because the issue of gender is so important to people. Gender is part of self definition, and intrinsic to the constancy of the world view of many people. Certain that the sun will come up tomorrow, many people also hold sex and gender to be equally absolute. The transsexual calls into question the absoluteness of a fundamental part of reality itself. For those with a weak grasp of reality, this becomes deeply disturbing. The world is not lacking for those with such a weak grasp.

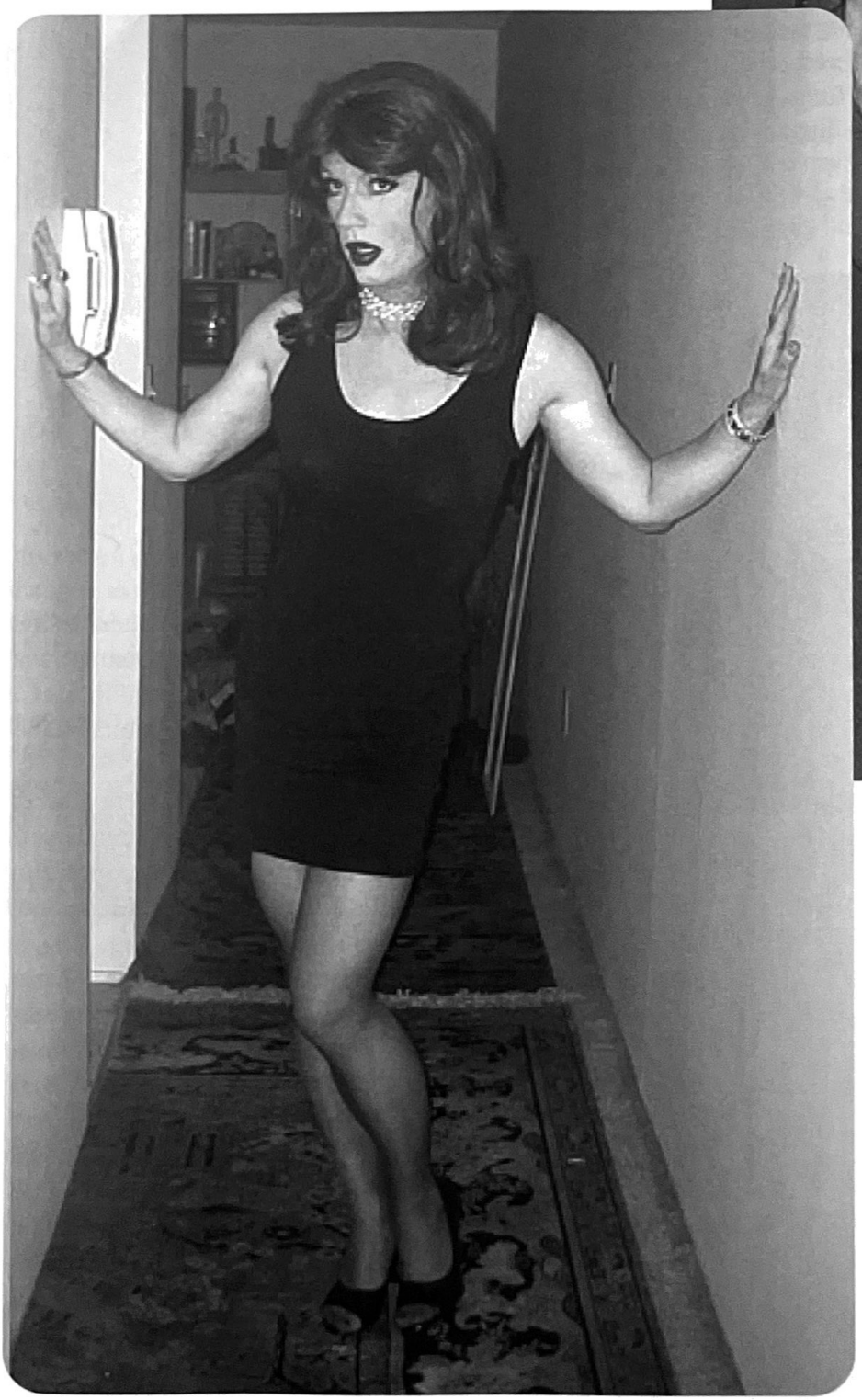
Even so, even with the possible dangers, there comes a point hiding, where cowering to avoid the expected disdain of nameless 'others' becomes unendurable. To achieve a solid self worth it sometimes becomes necessary to be

open about that self, to simply refuse to be silenced any longer. In order to feel good about my self, I needed to claim the same freedom that most humans take for granted, the freedom to simply exist, as myself, openly.

Coming Out serves to break the circle of torment and self condemnation. It destroys the act of hiding behind lies, and with it the implication that such behavior is preferable to honesty. It is the supreme act of a person who refuses to be damned, and who stands up as an individual with the basic natural right to exist.

Coming Out is freedom from enslavement and oppression. It is not easy. It can have consequences. But it sometimes must be done, to stop internalized self loathing, to achieve self acceptance.





It is not always safe or prudent to Come Out in all circumstances. It is not always wise to be completely open. Sometimes the only rational thing to do is to be invisible, especially for the much maligned transsexual. No one should ever be forced to be Out, just as no one should be forced to hide. But sometimes, sometimes, just to know peace and contentment of self, it becomes useful and important to be Out.

The bottom line of Coming Out is to be alive in the world.

Here she/he is ...

The first runner-up in a Thai beauty contest steps down after judges discover she is a he.

Every year, excitement builds in Thailand's central province of Ratchaburi as local young women vie for the top prize in the annual Loy Krathong Festival beauty pageant. As with any contest that appraises females on the basis of their genetic appearance, there are tears of victory and tears of defeat. This month, both types of tears were shed by one contestant -- a man who entered the pageant dressed as a woman, won first runner-up and then was stripped of his award.

According to a Reuters report, controversy erupted over the 22-year-old beauty queen, a cross-dresser named Kesaraporn Duangsawan, after fellow contestants complained that Duangsawan was not a young woman but in fact a young man possessing exceptional make-up and grooming skills.

Contest judges, however, were smitten with the contestant, and had already chosen him/her as first runner-up, awarding Duangsawan the title Miss Media and 6,000 bahts ($138).

Organizers soon realized the error, remembering that the Loy Krathong pageant traditionally is open only to female competitors, not to males who tuck their penises between their legs. When confronted, the gender-bending Duangsawan admitted his ruse and abdicated his title. Local police confirmed that he handed back the prize money through an intermediary within a week of the pageant. They added that he asked to keep the runner-up sash as a memento of his hoax.

The Long Road To Femininity

Part 1- The road begins

I wasn't too happy when my wife first suggested I wear a pair of women's panties. It must have been about three years ago now. I refused but she was insistent saying that I'd like the feel of a pair of softer, lacy panties. I gave in reluctantly but soon realised that she was right. The panties did feel much nicer than my old boxers and within a month Laura had thrown out all my old male underpants and filled my drawer with soft, lacy women's panties.

It was the first step on a long road. Of course, no-one else knew that I was wearing them under my trousers so I was in no way embarrassed. I really liked the softness and soon was completely oblivious to what underwear I had on. Then one day Laura suggested I might like to try a pair of women's tights as well. She produced a pair of black opaque tights for me to try on.

First panties, then tights. I wasn't sure where this was leading but I wasn't too bothered. I didn't feel as though my masculinity was threatened in any way. If wearing tights was what I had to do to please Laura, I was willing to oblige. No-one else would know. I put the tights on carefully, rolling them into a doughnut before sliding them up my legs.

No-one else knew that I was wearing tights, as on my ankles they looked just like a pair of black socks. Still I was careful not to let anyone find out exactly what was under my jeans. After all I was one of the lads, the life and soul of the party, but the fear of being found out by someone somehow spotting what I was wearing just made it more exciting.

I didn't dare tell Laura that I loved the feel of the nylon on my thighs but within a couple of weeks I had no socks left in my drawer and I was going to work wearing women's panties and tights under my very masculine business suits.

In the winter the tights were a real benefit and Laura also gave me a couple of lacy white camisoles to 'keep me warm.' I wondered what she would want me to do next but nonetheless I wore the camisoles occasionally and again none of my friends or work colleagues had any idea about my secret.

I soon found out what she wanted me to do next. She wanted me to wear a 'baby-doll' nightie. It was made out of a semi-transparent pale blue material coming half-way down my thighs and was the next step on the long road. Again I didn't really see any harm in it as no-one else would find out what I was wearing in bed. So I agreed to her suggestion and soon my pyjamas were a thing of the past and I was spending every night in a nightie.

In fact Laura bought me three nighties; a pink one and a black one to add to the blue one. To tell the truth, I really liked wearing the nighties. The material was so nice and I felt really comfortable in them. Not only that, Laura seemed to like it too. Our sex life improved no end and she really seemed to find me attractive when dressed in one of my baby-dolls.

This must have continued for nearly a year. Every now and then Laura made another small demand on me on the long road to my feminisation. She said that I shouldn't have my hair cut. As a rock fan in my youth I had had long hair. A lot of guys my age had long hair. If anyone asked I just said I was a big fan of Bon Jovi and no-one seemed to think it unusual at all. By now it came down to my shoulders. I tied it in a pony-tail for work but at home I let it hang loose.

One day Laura came home from the shops with a pair of jeans for me to wear. Women's jeans. They fitted OK except they were very tight around the waist and they bulged a bit in the region of the flies. I soon learned that by tucking my cock between my legs I could avoid any bulges at the front but it was still difficult and painful to do up the waist. Laura said I needed a corset and a few days later bought me one.

It was awkward to put on and I really had to breathe in to do it up but once it was on Laura was right; it was easy

to do up the jeans. And what a shapely figure it gave me with my lovely little waist. The jeans were tight across my bum and I often stood admiring my arse in the mirror, half delighted with my look but half apprehensive about what Laura was turning me into.

It was much more difficult getting used to the corset than any of the other clothes Laura had bought for me. Fortunately she didn't expect me to wear it to work but I did wear it most weekends. Eventually I did become accustomed to it but it took a few months. It had detachable suspenders and one day Laura came home with a pair of stockings so that I could 'try the suspenders out.' The stockings were black and opaque like the tights I wore so again no-one would suspect anything.

The stockings were not the height of comfort and I didn't wear them much. When I did Laura complained that the hairs on my thighs were visible above my stockings. She said I should consider shaving my legs - something I have done regularly since.

At each stage of my feminisation, I had misgivings. My wife was turning me into a woman. But I also found it enjoyable and exciting and I was proud of my new ance.

The next steps on the road turned out to be a cream silk blouse, a pair of black lace up ankle boots with a low heel and a pair of trousers. I think they're sometimes called slacks. They had an elasticated waist and zip at the side.

As you can appreciate, the jeans, blouse and slacks were definitely women's clothes but androgynous. Even the boots were ambiguous. Whenever Laura and I were on our own at home, she now expected me to wear women's clothes and most of the evenings and weekends I went around the house dressed in the blouse, slacks or jeans and the boots, along with the usual panties, camisole, tights and corset, of course. It struck me that I was now dressed only in women's clothes. Looking in the mirror, with my long hair, flat chest and androgynous clothes I looked neither male nor female. Laura seemed to like it though, regularly kissing me and hugging me and stroking my back through the silky blouse.

This was just the next step on the road. She then bought me two more blouses and a cardigan. The only other change I can remember was that in bed Laura sometimes called me 'girl' and she started calling me by my middle name, 'Charlie.'

Now I think it's only fair to tell you that in no way was I an unwilling participant in all this. I could have said no at any time and refused to go any further. But I didn't. I liked my new look and so did Laura. I found it exciting and looked forward to my next step on the road.

As far as the outside world was concerned I was the same as ever and I was careful to give no-one cause to suspect anything. But in the privacy of my own home I only wanted to wear feminine things.

Up till now the clothes Laura had bought me were, how can I put it, a little ambiguous. That was deliberate. Once or twice I went out in my new jeans but only with a sloppy jumper that hid my corseted waist. No-one could tell that they weren't one of my male pairs.

But now Laura bought me some things that were unequivocally feminine. She bought me three pairs of tights; one pair were black sheer, another pair were flesh coloured sheer and the third were fishnets. She also bought me a pair of strappy women's shoes with a one-inch platform soles and a four-inch heel. Next she gave me my first jewellery - some bracelets, a gold necklace, a ladies' watch and an anklet.

Laura explained that I could wear the new tights to show off my now hairless legs and they would look even better in the high heels. She was right too. My legs looked long, slim and dazzling. I continued to put the opaque tights on for work, of course, but I soon stopped wearing the opaque ones around the house. More often than not, I wore the natural coloured pair, the anklet, the jangling bracelets, necklace, watch and high heels together with the ubiquitous jeans and blouse. The high

heels were not comfortable but I was prepared to put up with the discomfort.

Of course no-one else knew or suspected anything. When I went out, I dressed as masculinely as ever - on the outside that is. Underneath I was still in panties and tights. I was happy to wear the women's clothes around the house. They were comfortable and I loved the attention I got from Laura.

Up until now the driving force at each step on the road was Laura but for the next step on the road, I took the lead. About this time, Laura bought some new clothes for herself; a mini-skirt and a short black dress. I was a little surprised as she normally was fastidious about never revealing her knees. I was pleased by her sexy appearance but hoped this wasn't a sign that she was dressing to impress some other man.

One Saturday when I was hanging around the house in my blouse and slacks and while Laura was out shopping I noticed the mini-skirt lying on our bed. Without a second thought I picked up the skirt and held it in front of me as I stood in front of the mirror. The next minute, I was sitting on the bed taking off my shoes and sliding down the slacks. Before I knew it I was standing in front of the mirror wearing the mini-skirt looking at myself from all angles thinking, "Does my bum look big in this?"

I don't know why I tried the skirt on. I can't blame Laura. It was all my own idea. Perhaps I knew this was what she'd make me do next. Perhaps I wanted to be a girl. I loved the feel of the skirt against my thighs, the way the nylon on my thighs rubbed as I walked - this didn't happen in trousers - and my legs looked lovely in the mirror in the short skirt, natural tights and high heels.

I needed a bust so I took off my blouse, found one of Laura's bras and put it on, stuffing a pair of her tights in the cups. Back on with the blouse and I smeared some of Laura's reddest lipstick on my mouth and a blotch of eye-shadow on each eye-lid. I quickly ran a brush through my long hair.

I looked again in the mirror. The ambiguous she-male was now very much a female. I gasped at myself. I looked at the feminine watch on my wrist. Yes I did have time to try on the mini-dress too.

I then went to Laura's wardrobe and found the mini-dress. In one of Laura's drawers I found a full length mini-slip which I put on. Then I put on the dress. It fitted like a glove. Again I admired myself in the mirror. Then I wandered around the house in the dress for ten minutes or so loving the feeling of the slip and the dress on my thighs.

I considered keeping the dress on for Laura's return. Had she bought it for me? How long would it be before she asked me to try it on anyway? I didn't quite have the necessary courage so I cleaned off the make-up and changed back into the blouse and slacks, put the slip, dress and the skirt back where I found them and waited for Laura to come home. After this I wore the skirt or dress quite a few times when Laura was out, always covering my tracks before she got home.

A few weeks later, over dinner Laura asked me a question. I was dressed in my usual slacks and blouse outfit. "Charlotte," she said. She never called me Charlotte before, only Charlie. "Charlotte, have you been trying on any of my dresses recently?"

"Now what makes you think that I have?" I replied not committing myself.

"Well the other day I came home and found my new dress was not where I'd put it in the wardrobe. I wondered if you might have tried it on."

I told myself I had to be more careful. "Why would I do that?" I asked her.

"Because you're a pretty girl, Charlotte. You'd look really good in that new dress with your nice body and shapely legs. I don't mind if you have tried it on, honestly, I don't. In fact I'd love to see you in it."

I decided to come clean. "You're right, Laura. I did try it on the other day."

"And my new skirt?"

"And your new skirt." It was no use pretending.

"You naughty girl, Charlotte. Did you like it?"

I nodded guiltily.

"I wasn't intending to put you in skirts for another six months, Charlotte. You've been a bad girl. I think the best thing would be for you to put the skirt on now. Would you like that?"

"I think I would," I said.

"OK," she said, "you change while I wash up."

I went upstairs and found the skirt in Laura's wardrobe. I found a bra and repeated what I'd done before to give me a bust. Then I put on the lipstick and eye-shadow as before. I came down a few minutes later, hair brushed, feeling slightly self-conscious about the short skirt.

"Wow," said Laura, "you look great."

"Thanks," I said.

If you think that was the end of the long road, you're wrong. It was just the beginning. The pace of the journey increased. Laura showed me how to do my make-up properly, how to style my hair in different ways, how to pluck my eye-brows in a more feminine curve (but not so much as to give myself away at work) and how to walk and sit like a woman.

And every Friday she came home with another item of clothing for me to wear. God knows where she got the money from. Either she stole it or her credit card bill must have run into four figures. And I loved everything she bought; first another black mini-skirt the same as the one of hers I'd tried on - she wanted her one back. I didn't mind as she looked so glamorous in it. Then a short denim skirt, next a calf length floral skirt. I didn't wear it much - too long.

Then a little black dress a few inches above the knee followed by a tartan mini-kilt which I loved. A few tight tops, a pair of court shoes with a two inch heel, a silk petticoat to wear under my black dress, a ridiculously short tight black skirt that barely covered my arse, stiletto boots. Breast forms to give me a realistic bust. Even a two-piece swimsuit. It was all beautiful.

Part 2- The road continues

After a few weeks wearing skirts every night Laura thought that I was ready for my first outing as Charlotte. I wasn't so confident. Eventually she persuaded me to go for a drive in the car with her. Dressed in my denim mini, a pale blue top, new boots and a white jacket of Laura's and clutching a new handbag, I ventured out for the first time en femme.

Everything went smoothly and Laura persuaded me that we should go shopping together in a nearby town. I said I'd only dare going to a supermarket and wore the long skirt so as not to attract attention. I needn't have bothered though as Laura wore my indecently short skirt and got second glances from lots of men. Still everything passed off smoothly.

Next she suggested I visit a support group for cross-dressers in another nearby town that she'd found out about on the web. She got me to phone the number of the organiser and I phoned up and spoke to someone called Carol. She explained that they had about ten members but about six of them met every week. She invited me to their next meeting on Wednesday evening, giving me the time and the venue - her house.

'As a woman, Carol?'

'That's up to you, Charlotte,' she replied. 'We all dress but if you're shy and come as a bloke we won't mind. By the way we all wear short skirts.'

'Oh good,' I said, 'I don't have much else.'

The next Wednesday night I must have tried on twenty outfits before deciding on the tartan kilt, a white blouse, black tights and the platforms. I tried to keep the make-up subtle and sprayed on a little perfume.

Laura drove me over to Carol's house and we parked in the street about

fifty yards away. We were about twenty minutes early deliberately. I wanted to watch the members arrive. 'What if anyone inside knows me?' I thought.

First a car drew up outside the house and a grey haired lady of about sixty got out. 'I don't suppose she's part of it,' I thought but surprise, surprise she went into Carol's house. Next another car drew up in front of ours. The driver's door opened and a pair of shapely legs in high heels appeared. Then a blonde head emerged before the whole body straightened and stood up. She was wearing a short skirt and was a pretty, slim woman in her twenties looking like a Scandinavian supermodel. 'Surely not,' I thought but she too went into the same house.

I felt sick. I couldn't do it. I couldn't compete with that supermodel. Laura said I had to. She told me I was very pretty. I said I was too nervous to go in. Three more members arrived, also in short skirts.

'You look much better than them,' Laura said. 'Go on.'

I plucked up courage to go inside. I got out of the car and walked slowly and carefully in my heels to the front door. I rang the bell and it was answered by the little old lady we had seen a few minutes ago except now she wore a short black French maid's outfit.

'You must be Charlotte. I'm Molly. Come in.'

Inside I was introduced to Carol, Holly (the blonde), Karen, Bella and Gemma. They were a friendly bunch of people who seemed oblivious to the fact that their dress was a little unconventional! I really enjoyed myself and got some great advice. At the end of the evening I asked if I could use the phone to ring up Laura so she could fetch me but Holly having asked me where I lived, said that she would give me a lift home.

On reaching home Holly stopped the car and before I could get out leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. 'Goodnight, Charlotte,' she said, 'I hope you'll come again next week.'

I smiled and kissed her back on the cheek. 'I'll try. Goodnight, Holly,' I said. After this I was a regular at Carol's on Wednesdays and Holly always gave me a lift home.

One evening on the way home from the support group Holly said that she and her wife would like to invite my wife and me to join for them for dinner at their house the following Friday. I asked if she meant that we would both be en femme and she nodded knowingly. I accepted provisionally and said I'd check that Laura was free and confirm it by phone the next day.

Laura thought it a great idea and next day I phoned Holly to say we were coming. But what should I wear? I spent the whole of Friday pondering this - just like a woman, eh? - and couldn't concentrate on my work! What a quandary. Would it be short or very short? I still couldn't make up my mind. When I got home I had a shower and then raced to my wardrobe to drag out all the possibilities. Laura came home from work to help me decide. I then had to help her decide what she should wear.

For me, we settled on a very short tight black dress over a little black slip, plain tights and black stilettos. For her we decided on a very short floral print dress. One of the good things to come out of my cross-dressing was that Laura was getting competitive about the height of her hemline!

We both spent an age getting our make-up and hair just right but eventually we were ready. Clutching our little bags we made our way outside to the car. Fortunately our drive is quite secluded but it didn't stop me feeling a little embarrassed walking to the car in my little dress and high heels. I kind of got the feeling that Laura was embarrassed too. Maybe she was embarrassed for me. Maybe she was embarrassed by the shortness of her own dress.

Holly's house was about ten minutes away. We parked in the drive and rang the front door bell. Holly answered it looking delightful in a tiny skirt and crop top revealing her midriff and a pierced navel. Cool, I thought. Her long blonde hair fell over her shoulders.

We went in to be introduced to her wife, Kirstin. Now I've said that Holly looked like a Scandinavian model, well Kirstin was a Scandinavian model. She looked stunning in a black mini-dress. Wow, I could hardly take my eyes off her - something that I am sure Laura noticed.

We had a beautiful meal and a bottle of wine, Conversation flowed and we didn't mention our 'hobby' at

all other than to compliment each other on our clothes and make-up.

After the meal we had some coffee and the wine had some effect on us. Suddenly Kirstin announced, 'Let's play spin the bottle.'

'What's that?' I asked.

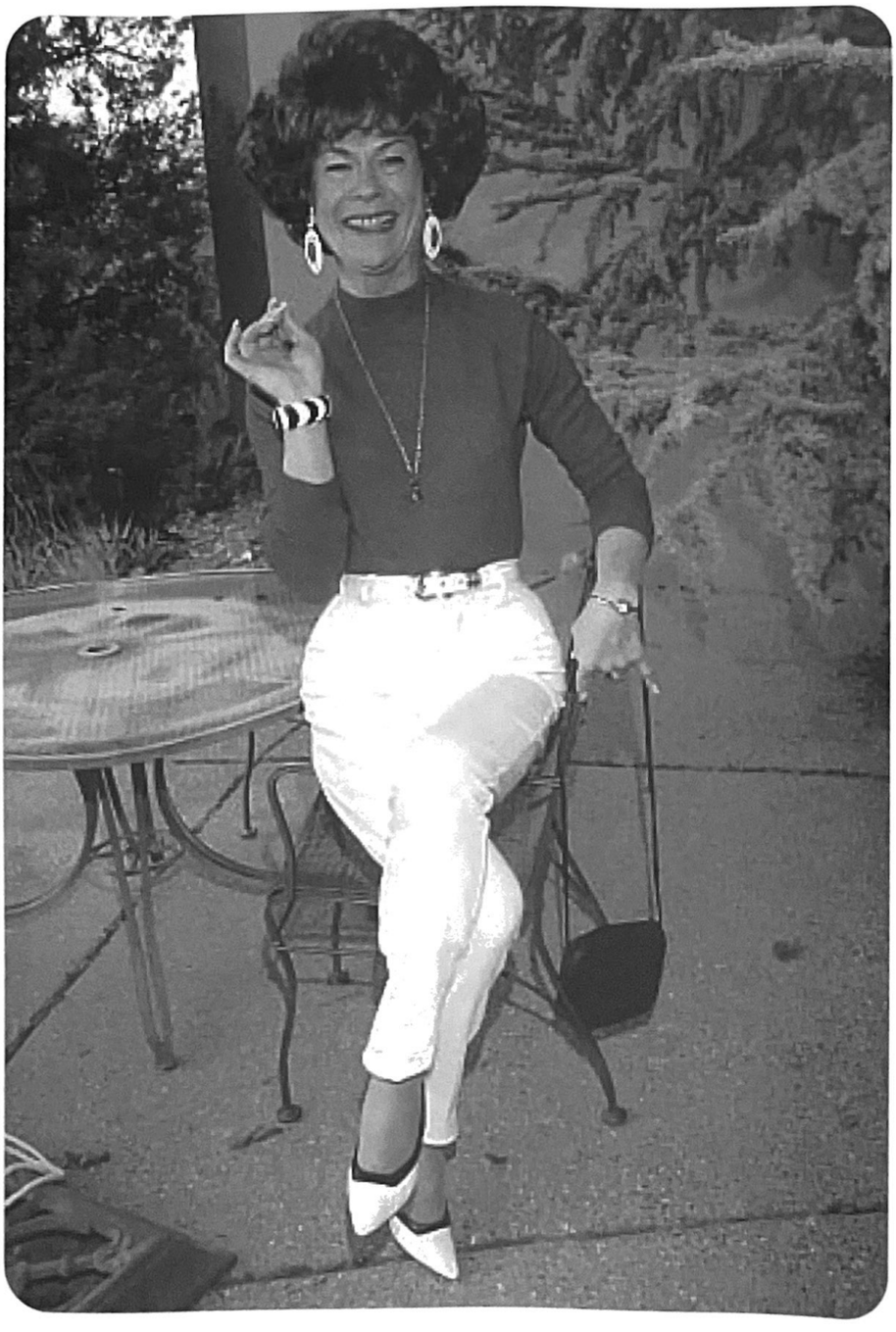
'It's a game Holly and I often play with our friends,' she said. 'We all sit on the floor in a circle and spin the bottle in the middle twice. The two people that the bottle ends pointing at have to kiss.'

I was a little shocked by this. I might have to kiss Holly who after all was a man. I expected Laura to say she didn't want to play because she might have to kiss Kirstin but she replied, 'That sounds fun,' and sat down on the floor.

I just couldn't get out of it now. 'What happens if it points to the same person each time?' I asked.

'We just spin again,' said Holly. 'Ready?'

We sat on the floor revealing more leg than you see in a butchers. Holly spun the bottle and, you've guessed it, it pointed at me. The next spin pointed at Holly. My heart sunk. I'd have to kiss a man. A very pretty man, but a man nonetheless.



'Roll the dice,' said Holly, putting two dice in my manicured hand.

'Uh?'

'Roll the dice.'

I did so. It was a four and a two.

'Four twos are eight,' said Kirstin. 'You must kiss for eight seconds.'

Eight seconds? You mean a French kiss? I have to snog Holly? Oh well, in for a penny, I thought.

I stood up and so did Holly. Our arms folded round each other's bodies in an embrace. I closed my eyes and our lips met. I pretended I was kissing Kirstin, who I heard counting loudly, 'one, two, three, four, …'

Laura was making a whooping noise and shouting encouragement. My wife was encouraging me to French kiss a man. 'Eight,' I heard Kirstin say and Holly and I separated and sat down to get our breath back.

Well, guess what, the next spin of the bottle pointed at me again but this time I got to snog Kirstin for 15 seconds. We stood up and kissed while Holly and Laura egged us on. It wasn't me next time but the two real girls, Kirstin and Laura. Laura rolled the dice and got a double six. 36 seconds! My wife would have to snog another woman for 36 seconds!

They stood up and started the kiss. Holly was counting. 'Three, four, five…' There was no holding back. Kirstin lifted Laura's dress at the back and started to feel my wife's butt. Laura felt between Kirstin's legs. This was not just Platonic. I could imagine their tongues working overtime. Wasn't this going a bit too far. 'Nineteen, twenty, twenty one...'

Kirstin had pulled down Laura's tights and panties so that her butt was exposed. Their kiss grew more and more frantic. 'Thirty six,' said Holly but the kiss wasn't over. The girls carried on kissing. A few seconds later, Holly stood up and whispered to me, 'Come on.'

I stood up and Holly and I locked together in an embrace, our tongues exploring the inside of each other's mouth, our hands sliding over each other's back. The kiss must have lasted five minutes. My panties and tights were around my knees and so were Holly's. I was massaging her butt and could feel her rock hard 'clit.' She could feel mine. I had never felt so turned on.

'OK, swap,' I heard Laura say and I separated from Holly and started to kiss my wife. Suddenly still kissing, my body went all weak. In ecstasy I felt myself come, making a mess of my little black dress. I felt Laura coming too. On the other side of the room, Kirstin and Holly were coming too.

When we got home Laura and I rushed to bed to make love again.

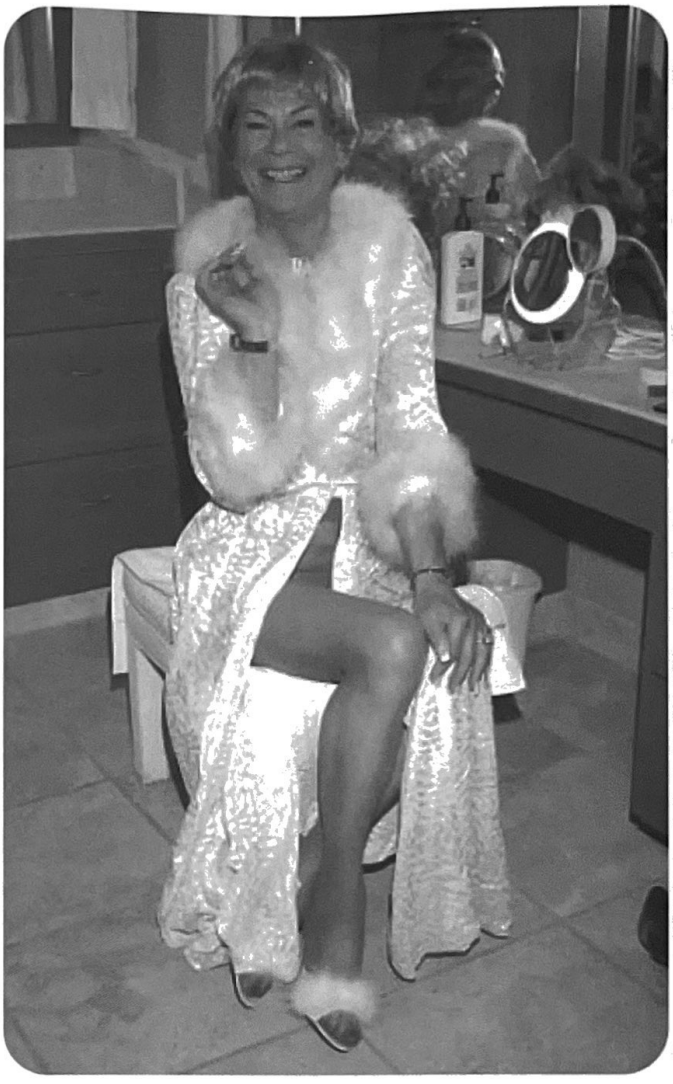
Our friendship with Kirstin and Holly got more and more adventurous. One Friday we went to their house, the next they were our

guests. We would often play spin the bottle or just swap partners. We would have 'theme' nights. It started when Laura suggested we all wear a white blouse, a school tie, a navy blue short, pleated skirt and Mary Jane shoes. She insisted we should wear them with stockings and suspenders and put our hair in plaits. Laura looked divine in a school uniform pinafore dress. Kirstin and Holly looked great too. That night after Kirstin and Holly had gone home we were naughty girls and made lesbian love in our uniforms. It was fun being a St Trinian's girl!

Another time we all wore pink ballet tutus, tights and ballet shoes which looked cute. The following week we all wore long white dresses of diaphanous material and said we were 'little fairies.'

Another time Laura bought me a French maid's costume. A black dress with white lace round the hem, neck and cuffs together with a white frilly apron. She told me that Kirstin had also bought one for Holly. That Friday Holly and I had to cook the meal and serve it to our mistresses. Naturally Holly and I enjoyed a few snogs in the kitchen while we were preparing the meal. I loved the costume. I guess it became my favourite outfit as I wore it a lot. I hated hoovering or doing the ironing normally but dress me a maid and I really enjoyed it.

Now I spend every evening and weekend as Charlotte. Laura wants me to go full-time but I want to keep going to work as a man. What will happen on the next step on the road, I wonder. Still that's another story.



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My Husband Is A Crossdresser!!!!

I'm relatively new to all 'this' and firstly would like to introduce myself.

My name is Raqual. I am married and have been for 5 years to a wonderful man - who likes to crossdress. I have known about his crossdressing for 3 years now, though the time that he chose to reveal it to me may not have been appropriate - sometimes I ask myself "when was the right time?". At that stage I was 8 months pregnant with our son.

At first I laughed at it but we got into some serious conversation about it. I really didn't know what to expect and said OK to him, that it was alright with me if he dressed up as I did not know of any person who crossdressed - I was curious. I allowed him to dress up in my clothes, which I couldn't fit at the time because I was so HUGE. To my surprise he looked really good and he told me his femme name so I played along. We talked about makeup and fashion, he asked for advice and I gave it. For me it was like having a girlfriend and it was fun. My husband explained to me that even though he liked to dress as a woman he had no desire to be one. I said it was OK, what he said made sense as long as he went slowly with it, so I could adjust. Also that he understood that I was going to need his support more once the baby arrived. This baby was a planned pregnancy and was very much loved. We were thrilled.

But within two days of his revelation, he began to spend more time dressing up than with me preparing for the birth of our son. I became worried and told him how I felt. He apologised. Again the next day he did the same thing. This went on for weeks and even after our son was born. My man starting wearing womens clothing as often as possible. We had our business at the time, so he'd wear lingerie' to work, come home, dress up, put make-up on and pretend to be a woman - this happened every day.

Finally I'd had enough. I had a 10 week old baby boy and a husband that did not even know we existed. I was devastated. I wanted this time with our first child to be special. I tried to explain this to my man but it was like we were hitting brick walls. He also told me that it felt good for him and that dressing up made him feel special. That being and feeling like a woman was wonderful and I was lucky.

Well you can imagine what my reaction to that was - I had just given birth to a baby, I did not feel special or lucky to be a woman. I felt ugly, tired, overweight and that it wasn't a baby that had come out of me - but a 10 foot truck. Yes I felt as big as a house and was not interested in having sex.

So I packed my baby and I some clothing, told my man to his face that he had better decide what was important - Supporting his wife and son or dressing up. I went away for two weeks and then came home. We needed to talk. Well we talked, yelled, cried - He told me he would never do it again and that we were more important. As a result of this, I refused to talk about his crossdressing again. Boy, I hated it and every time I saw something on TV about crossdressers I would criticise them and put them down. All these bad feelings came to the fore and I'd take it out on my man - who became very tolerant and withdrawn on the subject.

For two years he went out and brought lingerie' in secret but I would find it and go into a rage - I could not let go of what had happened before. Then for days afterwards I would cry and he would withdraw, we would then talk and he would tell me that he'd never do it again.

It use to make me feel better but I knew deep down that it was a part of him and that I would have to face it again someday.....

Well that someday was 6 months ago. My man starting renting videos with the 'crossdressing' theme. I began to watch them and my fears resurfaced. So I started asking him questions. He was receiving digests from another forum, so I started to read it. I asked more questions like "do you want to have SRS?", "are you gay?" etc etc. I could not understand how you could dress up like a woman and not want to be one. The more I read and talked the more I discovered that this was 'difficult' for him too. He was discovering things about himself. He began crossdressing again but slowly this time.

I found that we were asking ourselves the same kind of questions. When my man went into woman mode it scared me because to me he was a woman - and I wondered if I was lesbian or even bi-sexual. It was difficult to be intimate during those times but I found that the essence of him was male. So now it can be kind of fun. We talk about whether he wants to 'come out'. He says no but I think it is fear on his part - which is understandable. Society is not tolerant of individuals who are different.

We talk about this every day in order to evaluate where we're at so that we don't go off in another tangent. We are very open and honest about our feelings but we do it in a gentle way - not brutally like we did before. I have told him that if he comes out I will support him in his decision and educate (this is a nicer word) people on this issue. I will do everything I can to help him. Even if he decides that he wants to be a 'real' woman (srs and all that goes with it) I will still support him ..... But I could no longer be his wife ..... He understands this. For me personally, I want a relationship with a man and even though it would hurt if the male/female relationship with my husband ended, I'd let go and carry on. I would not be able to stay with him as the relationship would no longer be husband and wife - rather wife and wife.

However he insists that he likes being a man but enjoys wearing satin clothing next to his skin. Our relationship has gone from strength to strength. We have a lot of fun with his crossdressing but I have told him that he is NOT to look better than me ;-). I am worried about our son - who has just had his 3rd birthday - and if seeing dad dressed as a woman will influence his decisions when he gets older ??? I guess like everything - Only time will tell and teach us.

I would appreciate any advice. My man is trying to find support for this too - I haven't mentioned this but I love my man very much - and in retrospect, it is that combination of masculine/feminine that appealled to me when we first met. I think that everyone is born with that male/female aspect - that gender can not dictate your character or how you are going to turn out (society does a good enough job of that already) but I know as a woman that I have a very strong masculine side. Maybe the Eastern Religions (monks) really do have an answer to this question?

"So what did you buy your husband for Christmas?"

So what did you give your husband for Christmas?

"So what did you give your husband for Christmas?" asked Jill at work one day in early January.

"Oh, I gave him a bra," said Meg casually.

"What? I thought you said you gave him a bra?"

"That's right. I did say I gave him a bra."

"You mean you gave him a women's bra, Meg?"

"Yes, Jill, I gave him a girly, white, lacy bra," Meg replied as if it was nothing unusual.

"White and lacy?"

"Yes. To go with his panties."

"His panties? He's got white, lacy panties too?"

"Sure. Hasn't your husband got any panties, Jill?"

"No," said Jill shocked. "At least I don't think so. And has your husband got any other lingerie, you know, suspenders, stockings and the like?"

"Oh yes," said Meg. "Stockings, suspenders, a corset or two."

"And does he wear them...?"

"Not much point having them and not wearing them. In fact he wears them most of the time."

"And how long has he been wearing them?"

"Four years. Since we got married. My wedding present to him was a baby blue camisole and French knicker set with matching suspenders and white stockings."

"So it was your idea, Meg?"

"Of course."

"But didn't he object? To wearing girly underwear, I mean."

"Oh no. I gave them to him the night before we were married and told him to put them on. He was so much in love with me that he didn't dare argue. He slipped out into the bathroom and shaved his legs. Then he put he girly underwear on, before putting his shirt and trousers back on top."

"And has he...?"

"Worn women's undies ever since? Of course, Jill."

"But why did you want him to wear lingerie, Meg?"

"I wanted to show him who was boss, who makes the decisions in our household, who wears the trousers."

"So if you wear the trousers, Meg, does your husband wear the dresses?"

"Sometimes. I bought him his first dress a year after we were married as a first anniversary present. I said that as he was wearing stockings and had such lovely shaven legs, that he ought to show them off a bit more. I bought him a cotton print dress about three or four inch-

es above the knee."

"What did he say? Did he mind?"

"Mind? Of course not. I think he wanted to wear it. He certainly didn't complain. I had been dropping some rather obvious hints as to what I was going to give him. I think he was looking forward to it."

"And how did he look?"

"Well, to tell the truth, he looked stupid at first. Like a man in a dress. Luckily I'd bought him a wig and some make-up and a petticoat to give the dress more shape. He put on the petticoat, I helped him with the wig and make-up and I padded out his bra. He looked so pretty that I wanted to go straight upstairs to bed with him."

"And did you?"

"That's none of your business, Jill."

"And does he still wear dresses?"

"Around the house, yes. And skirts, blouses, tops, jewellery, etc."

"Didn't you say today was his day off?"

"Yes, he'll be at home at the moment, cleaning the whole house and doing the washing and ironing wearing his French maid's uniform, apron, fishnet stockings and maid's cap."

"He does all the housework?"

"Yes, isn't it great?"

"I'd love to come round and meet, ... , what did you say your husband was called?"

"Mary. It's a lovely name I chose for him. I am sure that Mary and I would love you to come round, Jill. Perhaps Mary will cook you a meal. You can bring your husband if you like. I'm sure that Mary won't mind."

"Don't you think Mary would be humiliated, standing there in his maid's uniform in front of my husband, Meg?"

"Not if your husband came in a dress, Jill. I am sure that Mary can lend him one of his. What do you think?"

"It's a nice idea. I'll have to ask my husband, Meg."

"Don't be silly, Jill. Remember who makes the decisions. Go home tonight and tell that husband of yours that if he wants to stay married to you, he'll have you let you make the decisions. Then tell him that I have invited the two of you to dinner and that you've accepted. Then tell him what he's got to wear. OK, Jill?"

"OK, Meg."

What Crossdressers Can Teach Real Women About Femininity

Every year cross-dressers migrate to my hometown like hundreds of brightly plumed birds to attend Esprit, a cross-dressers' convention. Why they choose tiny Port Angeles, a Washington state mill town with little tolerance for men in lipstick, is anyone's guess. But once a year, groups of tall, well-dressed "women" stroll around, enjoying the sights and spending money. Which means it's time for any self-respecting female to dress a bit better and sport makeup when she leaves the house. Otherwise, a bunch of men will show her up.

"I wish I looked like that in a pair of slacks," a girlfriend of mine mutters into her drink as we sit in the hotel lounge. A cross-dresser with a pert butt, loads of blonde curls and a Coach bag sashays out of the bar.

These men dressed as women attend the Esprit convention to network, party, and take classes on everything from sexual reconstructive surgery to "how to move like a woman." I ask to sit in on some of the "girlie" classes. Since no one ever taught me how to wear makeup or walk in a womanly fashion, I wanted to find out how guys learn to be girls.

"Honestly, sometimes I go to the mall and watch women and girls go by, and I say to myself 'American women just do not know how to take care of themselves,'" says Harriet Stites, one of the convention's organizers.

I instantly regret wearing chinos and a striped T-shirt. I could use some lipstick too. Harriet is a well coiffed middle-aged man in a white blouse with shoulder pads. I notice this because I touch his shoulder as we're trying to figure out how to fit me into the busy schedule for the seven-day conference. That's my first brush with cross-dresser confusion. I would never touch a middle-aged man this way, but I treat Harriet like a fellow female instantly.

"You never know what a woman goes through till you walk a mile in her shoes," sighs Charlotte as he's having eyeliner applied by Domonique, a genetic gal (G.G. in cross-dresser parlance), in the makeup seminar. Charlotte has strawberry-blonde hair and bushy eyebrows. He sits with his legs gaping open, stretching a red wool skirt in directions it was never meant to go.

All 10 "gals" at Domonique's daytime makeup class have brought their makeup kits. One "lady" has a purple tackle box labeled "Kat's bag of tricks," carrying everything from Clinique to Wet 'N' Wild. Jane, trim in size 6 Guess jeans, leans into every bit of advice Domonique utters, then tries applying lipstick with a shaky hand. Remember the subversive thrill of early makeup use? Sneaking mom's blue eye shadow in fourth grade? That feeling fills the room.

"You've gotta be bold to buy makeup" says Stephanie, who's showing off a jar of $80 Christian Dior rejuvenation cream. Stephanie talks proudly about the time he walked right up to an Estee Lauder counter in a department store and requested a makeover. I relate more to Jane, who flashes a bottle of Clinique's Dramatically Different Moisturizing Lotion, then tucks it quickly back into his purse, as if he's showing me a gram of coke. Or a secret. Cosmetics always seemed a forbidden pleasure to me, attractive but girly. And girly was never how I wanted

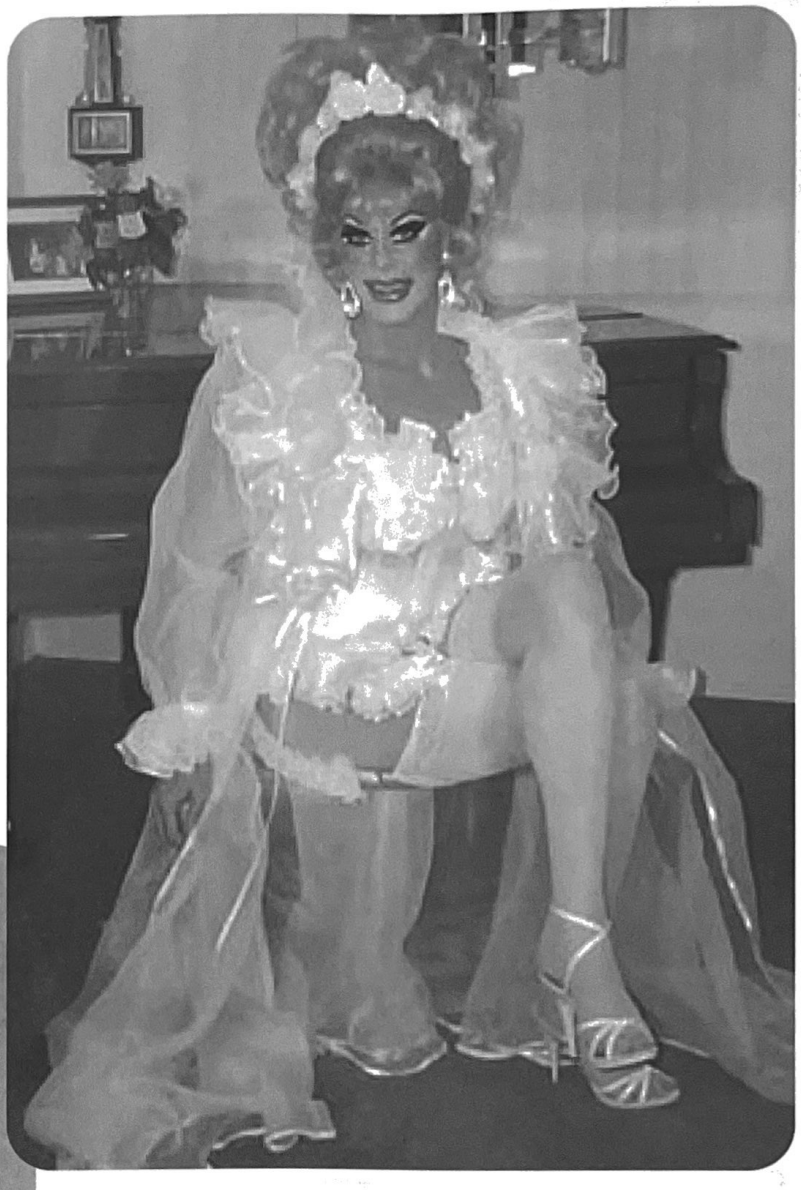
to be perceived.

The smell of my favorite perfume, Thierry Mugler's Angel, wafts through the room. I'm not the one wearing it.

Later on I attend a movement class, taught by Domonique again. This time I'm working it a bit more. Lipstick, platforms, and tight black bellbottoms. Proud to be a woman even though my butt will never be as good as that "gal's" I saw in the bar.

Domonique tells the packed classroom, "Real women never show their armpits, inner thighs or palms." Then she has everybody practice entering a crowded room. Enter. Pause. See where you want to go, then move slowly toward that place. Back up to the chair 'til it brushes the back of your legs. Slowly lower yourself. Cross legs at knees, arrange at angle to lengthen look. Done.

I watch man-in-skirt after man-in-skirt enter the room, pause, and go through the motions. They're good listeners, entering the room regally and sitting gracefully. Everyone has gone but me,



and the "ladies" clamor to see how a real girl will handle the assignment.

I am Frankenstein. I really try, but I do my usual clump and plop. What's worse, I hold my hands up, limp-wristed, in an attempt to look feminine. I look like a clumsy woman trying to impersonate a gay male.

Domonique shrieks, "What's with those hands?" and one of the cross-dressers declares, "See? It isn't as easy as it looks, is it?" I am humbled. The "ladies" are vindicated.

These men live for this weeklong convention. They change outfits five times a day, get manicures and talk endlessly about favorite shopping places. (Ross Dress for Less is a favorite, but they call it Cross Dress for Less.) The end of the Esprit convention is emotionally tough for the closeted cross-dressers, because it represents an end to the freedom to be feminine they've enjoyed all week. The "ladies" pack up their high heels and sequined gowns, put on their guy clothes and go back to their guy lives. It's a shame when it comes to an end.

I ask Harriet Stites what makes a cross-dresser's take on femininity different from a woman's. "We never, ever take it for granted," he says.

As I clump to my car, I make a mental note to dig that perfume out of the depths of my medicine cabinet when I get home.

The Makeover That Changed My Life

Being transgendered is a rather ill defined thing. This topic covers a wide range of people and interests. You have the people that dress up one time and are quite happy. Then at the other end of the spectrum are those with an undying burning desire to become the gender they were not born. A lot of people fall somewhere in between those two extremes. I am one of them.

Like many others, I started dressing at an early age. Six or seven I think. Back in those olden days, before pantyhose! Of course, everything was way too big on me then and there wasn't anyone to play 'dress up' with so it didn't happen often.

About the age of nine though, I had grown to where I was close enough to my Mom's size that things fit a little better. That's when I discovered panties, girdles, stockings, bras, dresses, wigs, hats and heels. Sounds like a lot? Not for a lady 1963. Pretty much required items to look your best! I had the use of all of them, as long as Mom and Dad were out somewhere.

I would baby-sit my little sister on Saturday mornings while Dad was working and Mom went to the beauty shop and grocery shopping. This gave me a once a week chance to explore and have fun for three or hours, as long as I could get my sister to take a nap!

When I progressed into my later teen years, I started to ask 'WHY'. Why do I like to dress? Why do I have a need to dress? I had noticed that there were times when the desire to dress as a girl was constantly on my mind. No matter what I did, those thoughts remained. I figured something must not be quite right when in college, I wondered what I would look like in my date's outfit! Fortunately, I lived in an apartment and could satisfy the urge when it presented itself.

Eventually, I married. Coming out to my wife was a very hard thing to do. Here we are, newlyweds, and living in our first home. Married only a few months when the urge to dress returned! It took a lot of talking. A lot of crying. A lot of reassuring. That was just what my wife did for me! I had to calm her fears too! Eventually we reached a sort of agreement. I dressed when the urge got bad; otherwise, I put everything away. This arrangement sounds pretty familiar to some of you readers.

During all of this, that nagging question always ran through my mind... WHY??? The old adage goes... If I only knew why, I could fix it! That was to become a goal for me later in life.

Kids, advancing careers, travelling jobs, all came and went. The urge to dress remained. When the urge would hit me, it was truly an obsession! As time would pass, the desire to dress would increase. Eventually becoming the predominant thought that passed through my mind during the day. Unless I was extremely busy designing or trouble shooting something I thought about going home and slowly sliding on a pair of panties, then pantyhose, hooking a bra and filling the cups, finally putting on a dress and heels. This was strange, because a great sense of relief would occur at this point of the transformation. The makeup and wig were not ALWAYS needed to satisfy the obsession!

Life continues and careers change. As those of you that attended my 'author's chat' know, I now own my own business. This brings

on a myriad of responsibilities and pressures that I never knew about before. Those pressures seemed to be the trigger for increased frequency of wanting to dress. I spent many a lunch hour going home to dress, just so I could concentrate on building my business in the afternoon. I must tell you, that is not a comfortable way to live.

About my third year in business, I hired a consulting firm to help me improve my business. They introduced me to L. Ron Hubbard technology for business growth. For those of you in business, it works quite well! A side offshoot of this was that I reheard about 'Dianetics'. I had read the book in college and had always thought it would be neat to try. I now had a chance to do just that!

I went through a preliminary screening and was asked, in private, what topic I would like to cover. Being scared out of my mind someone would find out I cross-dressed, I covered topics related to my business. After a few sessions and getting comfortable with what all was happening, I saw the results of what I was doing. I learned things about myself that were preventing me from building my business, and just like I had thought... When I knew why... I was able to fix it!

Eventually I went into a session in the middle of an urge to dress. I decided then and there, I wanted to know WHY! So when I was asked what topic I would like to cover, I said 'crossdressing and why I do it'.

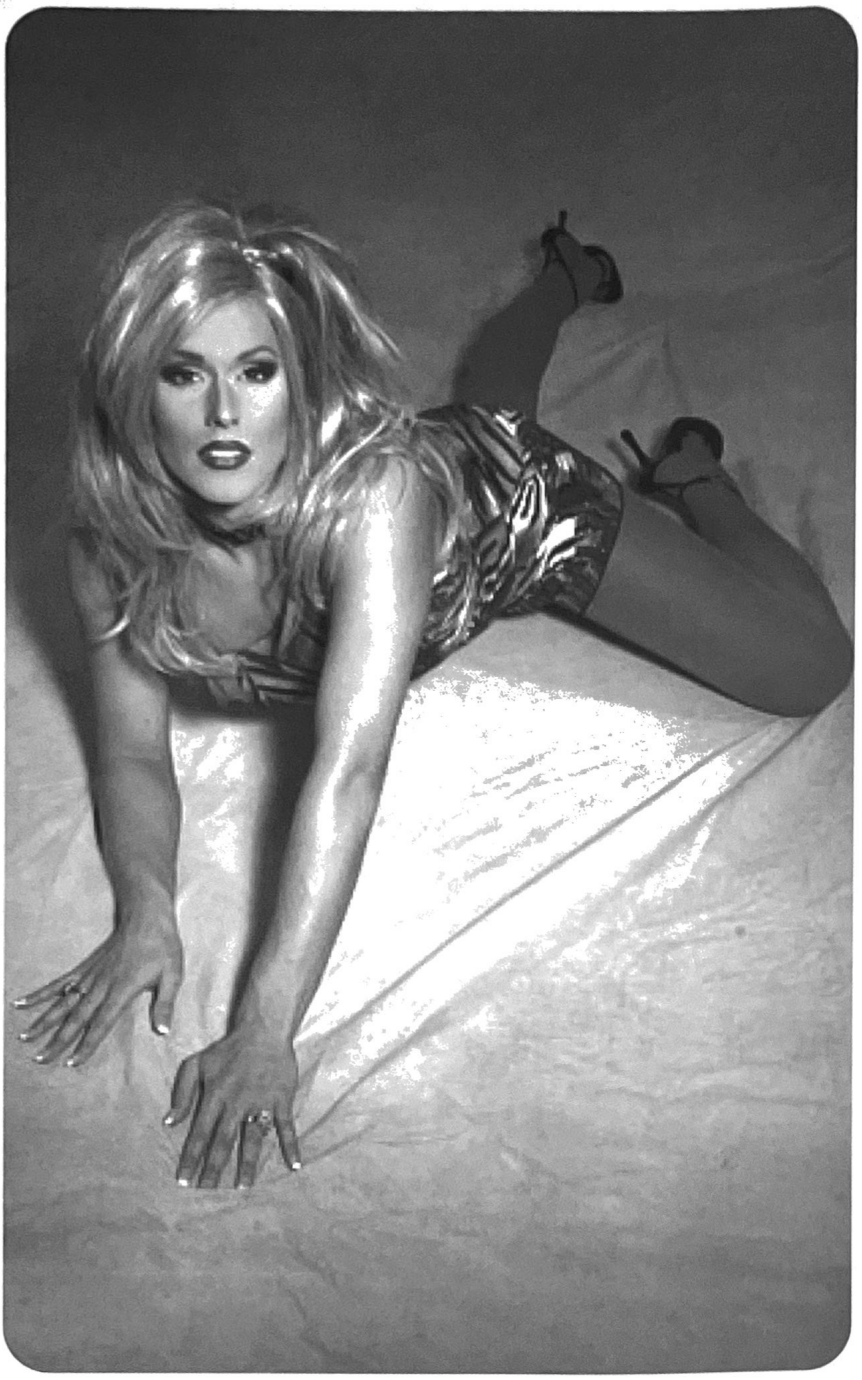
Probably one of the hardest things I ever did. The only response was 'Okay! Let's get started!'

After many hours and lots of self-introspection and yes, peeling things away 'like an onion'; I came face to face with the 'WHY'. (Insert dramatic music here) (Hey! Lady! Don't go in there! Can't you hear the music?) When you get to that point in looking at your own life, you really want to get it over with. It is a long hard road and you become very weary travelling it. Yet, it is scary to think that what comes next, altered your life so-o-o dramatically!

For me the big bad WHY was established at the age of six. It was also in the language and emotional context of a six-year-old, scared, very upset, little boy. My paternal father had abandoned our family when I was six. He had run off with the lady downstairs, who left two little girls with their father. The final big thought was "If I were a little girl, this wouldn't be happening to me." Pretty heavy words for a six-year-old. Also a very large burden for someone forty years old! I realized this was the root of my obsession, the WHY that drove me to dress in stressful situations. After all, 'If I were a girl, this wouldn't be happening to me!' It was as if someone lifted a two thousand-pound weight from my shoulders! I left that session elated over finding out the 'WHY'. After a while, when you find there is no desire to dress, the thought becomes; 'WHY is there no desire to dress??'

I have now lived the last nine years without the desire to dress! Everything I read, everyone I talk to says that just can't be. There is no cure! Learn to accept it! But it is true! No more obsessions, no using lunch hour to run off and dress, actually saying my wife looks lovely in a dress and not wondering what it would look like on me! This was ALL new, and something I had dreamed of for a very long time.

I have continued to stay in touch with the TG community. My writing has become a way of expression. My first story was written as a way to free myself from those left over items inside me. I publish under a pen name, chosen from my character in that story. My fem



self never had a name when I dressed with regularity. So for me, the last nine years have been very different, without an urge to dress! In a way, that brings up a whole list of other questions!

Is the urge REALLY gone? What happens if I DO try on a pair of pantyhose? A bra? A dress? Will the desire to crossdress return with a vengeance? Or is the urge really gone and all those feminine items are 'just clothes'? All these questions have run around in my mind for a few years. I finally decided I needed to know!

I started talking to my wife, about a year ago, about what I had been thinking and what I felt I needed to do. In my own mind, I needed to face my own demon, so to speak. In a controlled environment, do a complete transformation and see what happens. Quite a large and very scary task when you consider all the emotional baggage I thought I was done with.

We talked and agreed that if it was something I needed to do, I should do it. I was originally going to do it over the Christmas holiday. Take one extra day off and go to a boutique that specialized in doing such things. The place I chose? Transformations by Rori in the Chicago area. I had gathered information via the Internet about the services offered and just what I could expect when I arrived for the 'makeover'. They currently have a message board and a chatroom so you can ask questions about how things are done and other girl's experiences there.

Those plans changed when I had a chance to go to the Chicago area earlier than planned. A last minute mailing informed me of a continuing education seminar to be held in early December. I had chatted and left messages and knew what to expect. I then set the appointment for a Thursday afternoon, after my sessions were done for the day.

The next ten days were nerve wracking. I had talked to one of the girls that frequent Rori's message board, named Janet. She is a very nice person and willing to go out of her way to help a so-called 'newbie' to the 'transformation experience'. I asked if she could come and provide moral support and maybe go to dinner afterward. She accepted the offer so I would get to meet someone I had been talking with at the appointment.

I did go out and buy panties and hose beforehand. Lingerie of that nature are not items that can be rented. I then spent the rest of the time wondering what would happen. I was very scared, but determined to go through with the makeover. It was rather distracting, so I threw myself into work and writing in order to keep myself busy.

The day of the makeover arrived. I attended my seminar and when it ended for the day I returned to my room and changed into the panties and pantyhose I had bought. Then did as close a shave as possible and moisturized my face. With the change in water, some of you know, you can look like you tried to commit 'Hari-Kari' when you shave. I am no exception! Lots of little red raised areas formed from the close shave. My thought was 'Oh S***! This is going to make the makeover harder to do'!

A check of the clock said I had to run or be late, so no more procrastinating, out the door I went. The drive was only about ten minutes to the store, a very short ten minutes when there is a mix of fear and excitement warring inside you.

I arrived on time for my appointment and was met by Rori. I must tell you that she tries very hard to put everyone at ease right from the start. Janet was also there as she promised to be along with Stephanie and Lynn. After all the introductions and a little small talk, we got started on the makeover. I had decided to rent whatever I needed, as I did not intend on going out dressed

night. It was not the purpose of the makeover.

Rori sized me up. She has a good eye for that. And then in looking through the racks of clothes she asked what I wanted to look like. I wasn't sure what image I wanted to portray so Rori suggested an evening gown and jacket in my favourite colour. She picked out a deep blue sheath dress with a matching jacket. Along with a bra and a pair of breast prosthetics, I was ready to change clothes.

While I changed she found a pair of pumps with a two-inch heel for me to wear and prepared the makeup area for me. This was the first time I had dressed in nine years! The dressing went fine. I remembered how to put on a bra, then remembered to adjust the straps so the prosthetics sat over my own breast tissue properly. I slipped on the dress and the jacket and checked the mirror. Not bad from the neck down! Need to lose a couple of pounds, but ok.

Let me take a moment to tell you about the feelings involved here. Nine years earlier the sliding on of pantyhose, the hooking of a bra and the slipping into a dress were all very sensual moments. My skin would actually tingle when I dressed. This time? None of that! I stood in the dressing area looking in the mirror. I had just dressed myself as a woman and the only feeling was relief that I had remembered how! No tingles, no sensual sliding of the garments, I just got dressed!

When I left the dressing room Rori had the heels for me and let me walk around the shop for a moment to get used to them again. Walking in heels for the first time in nine years took a little getting used to. Then we moved over to her makeup station and the real work began.

Rori started with a beard cover. Then a foundation. She then spent a long time on my eyes, she said she was going to go a bit more dramatic, evening makeup, since I was in a long gown. Eye shadows were blended, eyeliner and mascara, all were applied and the transformation took place in the mirror in front of me. She used some concealer to add highlights and to shape my face into a more feminine image. When she did my lips, I was really surprised! I have no lower lip to speak of, I mean I had to be asleep when God passed out lower lips, there just isn't a lot there. When Rori was done, I had a lower lip! Not only that she added a little bit of a highlight to the middle and it gave me a 'pouty' look!

Rori said we were ready for hair now. She suggested staying a brunette, if I had wanted to try blonde she would redo my makeup to match, but felt brunette would be better. She reached up, took a shoulder blade length wig off a head, and placed it on me. She played with it for a minute and then I played with it for a few minutes while she helped another customer. It just didn't look right. I looked at all the wigs and a shorter style caught my eye. I took the head and held it next to me, it looked like it might be better. When Rori returned I asked about the shorter wig. She knew exactly which one and when we changed wigs, I looked much better. This one is a little long on top but short on the sides and just a little flip up of hair at the collar. I see a lot of women with similar styles everyday, so it is a current style.

A little fluffing and a little repositioning of the bangs and 'Voila!' Lisa Elizabeth was in the mirror. The only things added were a pair of blue and gold earrings and I was ready for my debut.

It was nice to look in the mirror and see a nice looking woman looking back. Not 'gorgeous' or 'stunning' but a pretty lady was there. I was surprised that I could look at my 'girl' self and evaluate my appearance without the fantasy drifting into that evaluation. I had never been able to do that before.

Janet, Lynn and I had been chatting the whole time, Janet was full of praise for how nice I looked, and

Lynn felt the shorter wig was a better choice too. Both were encouraging me to go out dressed that night. I declined; repeating that going out dressed was not the reason for the makeover today. I was also way over-dressed to be out for dinner with them. Now, if Janet had worn a tux...

I had also arranged for pictures to be taken of me after the makeover. Rori took out her digital camera, stuck in a new floppy disc and we proceeded to pose around the shop for the ten pictures that the disc will hold. I have those pictures stored. They are a lasting reminder of that evening.

After a while of talking and visiting Rori mentioned, it was time for her to close the store. I stated that I had better change and remove all the makeup so we could let her go home. She looked at me and I thought she was going to cry. Rori asked one more time if I was positive I didn't want to go out dressed as Lisa. I assured her that it was okay and that I would consider doing that at a future date.

The tear down was very straightforward. Remove the wig, use makeup remover on the eye makeup, soap and water for the base and beard cover. What took over an hour to put together was undone in ten to fifteen minutes. Changing back into my 'guy' clothes went just as quick. Soon all was put away and returned and I was ready to go to dinner with two new friends, Janet and Lynn. Stephanie had somewhere else to be and couldn't stay for dinner.

The rest of the evening was a casual dinner at a place called Wellington's. It is a very good restaurant that is CD friendly. The three of us had good food, good conversation and made two new friends each. We have even managed to stay in touch through e-mail and message boards.

So what happened in the aftermath of this little experiment? I have waited for a little over a month to see what would happen. I have gone through the year end stresses of my business along with the added stresses of the holiday season. The result is there still has not been a desire to crossdress!

I asked myself, just what does all this mean? I gave myself some questions and some answers.

Knowing that the obsession to dress did not come back means to me that I truly have faced my own personal demon and I have won! Will I ever crossdress again? I don't know! I can't say 'never' and I can't say 'yes' with certainty. Will I have another 'Makeover'? Again, I really don't know. Will I ever go out as Lisa? Again, I have no need to do that but you never know what the future will bring.

I have been asked to be a 'Matron of Honour' for a friend's re-marriage ceremony. It however, is in the very early stages, so I don't know yet! If it does come to pass, then the answer to all the questions above is yes.

The parts of the transformation that would normally have been seen through an emotionally charged mind were seen with calm and clarity for the first time. There is no 'thrill' to dressing; they truly are 'just clothes'. There was curiosity in watching Rori work her artistry on my face. There was a critical look at the final product when I realized that the hairstyle was wrong and decided on a different wig. The pictures? They are a reminder to me that I did do this and came out of it a more confident person.

The biggest change to me is that I now know that crossdressing is no longer an obsession. It is no longer the tail that wags the dog. I now control it! I no longer fear it! That is a giant change in the way my life goes. It is what I was looking for, when years ago, I first asked 'WHY'.

For the past nine years, those questions were in the back of my mind. What would happen if...? Now I know what will happen. If I decide to have a makeover and go out some night, it is because I want to do it, not because I have a need to do it.

Cum Slut
Camilla !!!

To Tell Or Not To Tell ....

A question often raised and discussed among transvestites is whether or not to tell one's wife about the predilection to cross-dress. Along with that question is how to go about the process. The pornography of transvestites often deals with it by developing a wife who either immediately falls in love with the "new girlfriend" or decides to turn the situation into a domination scenario.

Neither of the above is what normally occurs in real life, of course. The revelation will introduce stress into the relationship and that stress will ultimately destroy that relationship unless properly handled and released.

Counselors experienced in transvestism recommend various courses, but can be summarized by the following:

1. The wife should be told. Keeping a secret will ultimately poison the marriage in other ways which will not immediately be apparent.

2. Involve a counselor immediately. The transvestite may, through prior study, know many of the answers to his wife's questions, but a counselor will have a better chance of being believed by the woman.

3. Talk a lot with your wife. Talk not only about the cross-dressing, but most of all about other things. She will be threatened by the cross-dressing. You must assure her that it is not a threat to her or the relationship.

4. Do not pressure her to see you dressed. Remember, she married a man and will be disturbed by the sight of her man dressed as a woman. Each woman is different in how she will react to the revelation, and most will not want to deal with the sight of the cross-dressing. Seeing the clothing is not a particular threat, in fact it may be good for her to see them to remove any thoughts of hers that there is something "strange" in your collection.

5. Establish clear boundaries in which you can remain and still have opportunities to dress. Be honest, but at the same time be sure you don't push her into something with which she is not comfortable. For example, you may establish a room in the house in which it is okay to keep your clothes and times when it is acceptable. Arrangements need to be agreed to as to where the transvestite can go while dressed...outside...if so where and when? Don't expect too much too soon.

6. Decide early on whether you want to keep the marriage. That is the principal decision. If that is a priority, then the decisions and compromises make concerning cross-dressing become a bit easier. It is easier to decide that keeping the marriage together is more important than insisting that she go shopping with you while dressed, for example.

7. Should you tell the kids? Probably not right away, and certainly not while they are very young. They have so much to deal with without having to handle daddy's strange habits. This is not to say that they should never be told, but the time should take into consideration what is happening in their lives as well.

8. Keep the lines of communication open. Check it out daily. Go for walks with your wife where you can talk about all the things that affect your marriage...most of the walk/talks will not even involve talking about cross-dressing. If the communication is open, other things become open as well.

9. Don't be afraid to go back to the counselor for a check-up, both as a couple and singly. The times alone with the counselor allow each partner to air issues which are difficult to address with their mate. The counselor is also a good check on your boundaries to be sure they are realistic.

10. Keep the job and the dressing separate, especially if you are not absolutely sure of their reaction to your cross-dressing. It is important to maintain an income to support the family, and love has a difficult time surviving poverty.

It would be nice if all people in the world accepted transvestites and never even cast a passing look your way. Being more realistic, however, one must recognize that it is possible to lose a job (legally or otherwise) or at least go through a great deal of difficult time. It may not be worth it, despite any altruistic motives you or others around you may have.

Losing It

The true story of my first time in public as a girl, and how I lost my virginity the same night!!

It's Sunday night. I can't sleep. Last night... I not only appeared in public as a girl for the first time... I also lost my virginity! I'm on a total high... as a result. In the absence of sleep, I'm going to detail it, so I don't forget anything. I'm changing a few names... I don't want to embarrass anyone... but this is what happened, last night... April 3rd 2004.

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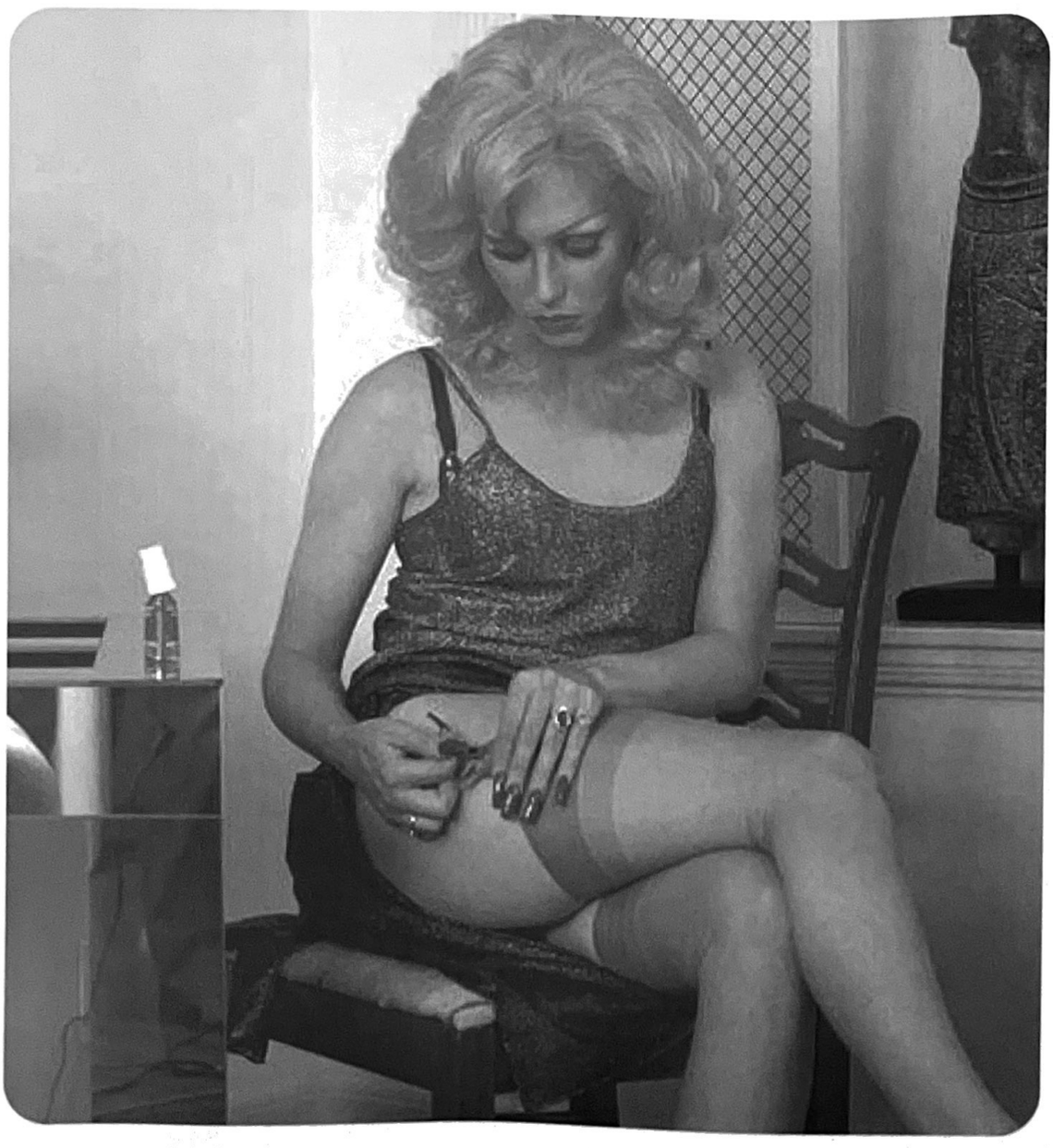
My name is Peter... and I work for an IT company here in London. I'm 25, and I've been crossdressing as long as I can remember. I moved out when I was 18, after college, and found my own place in North London. It was wonderful... I was able to dress whenever I chose, and I went overboard. I got catalogues, and ordered loads of outfits... experimented... got better... got into debt!! Then I got the job I'm in now... the money is good, and I was able to afford better wigs and such. I'm single, it's not a problem... I have a room for ... Kelly... and I let her off the hook maybe once a week. (As you get able to dress more... you get the urge less...)

I've been out a couple of times as Kelly... we all know the score... midnight dash to the post box... heart hammering as cars pass... desperate not to be seen... hoping we ARE seen!! I was no exception. I do a pretty good job on the whole... but I'm five ten, and I don't believe in all honesty that I could pass close up.

***

Three weeks ago... our company won a contract that will pay a VERY hefty sum over the next five years, and guarantees all our jobs for that time. We were all over the moon. The CEO asked me to organise a party as a reward... big... he suggested. I hired most of the rooms at a country hotel, just off the M25... for last night, and organised a disco... and buffet. One of the girls at work suggested a themed fancy dress party... everyone was up for it... and the consensus was Pop Idols. A few people were disgruntled... said they had no imagination, and wouldn't be able to think up characters. I suggested we put the names of thirty (the number in the company) stars names in a hat... and I would draw them out and we would go as that. There are 18 men, and 12 girls work here... I basically put down all the guy stars on blue paper... all the girl stars on pink... then put them into a hat and drew them out for each.



While I was doing it... I had a wild notion... and decided on a whim to go with it. If it came off... it would be fun... if it got dismissed... nothing lost. I called out the names as per... until I had two papers left... one blue... one pink... and myself and a secretary called Dawn, left to be given characters. Shaking a little... I announced very authoritatively (and hoping that

someone would jump in) I shall be coming as... I dug into the bin and drew out the pink paper... making sure it looked as though I hadn't paid enough attention... Britney Spears!

Huge laugh... then sure enough, Jack my so-called buddy called out... Yeah!!! Do it!!!! I laughed... and muttered come on... you wouldn't make me do that for a simple mistake?! Now everyone joined in Yes!!! Dawn pulled out the last blue slip and chimed in... and I'm coming as Michael Jackson!! Lots more laughter. Looking pained... I nodded okay... okay... anything for a laugh! Deep down... I was almost about to pass out... it had worked. Better than I could have hoped for... yes I could fiddle the paper... but I hadn't known who I'd draw... and I'd gotten Britney!!! I was over the moon.

The rest of the day was a blur... people making comments about what a sport I was etc, etc... if only they knew!!

The next few days passed in a whirl... and I spent time working out my costume.

I really fancied trying Britney's red PVC catsuit look, but realised I would have trouble finding one... and also it would be red hot. So I settled for the schoolgirl 'Hit Me Baby' look. Hair was no prob... I had a medium length blonde\brown wig... and I managed to find some pink furry hair bands at the local chemist. I had a white shirt that had shrunk a little in the wash... and tied up under my breasts would do fine... the skirt was fairly easy... I got a short black kilt ordered from the Catalogue... the grey cardigan, I ended up going to a school supplier for my sister, and got one a couple of sizes too small... it worked perfectly. Stockings, I improvised... got a thickish pair of black hold ups, and cut them down, and re-sewed the tops... this way, they held up fine, and came to just below the level of my kilt, about an inch of bare flesh. Underwear was a black lace push up bra, and matching panties. Shoes, I had to hit a specialist TV shop in London, and got a pair of black Mary Janes... I was a little worried about flashing my belly... normally I wear a corset, and can achieve a decent 27 inch waist... without, I was going to be just under 30... but I had to go with it...

I put it all together one evening... savouring the look... okay... no way I looked like Britney... but it was obvious who I was MEANT to be, and most importantly... I looked like a GIRL going fancy dress... I was elated.

I couldn't wait for the party... each day dragged by... everyone at work talking about getting their costumes together... my friend Jack, was doing Bowie... and couldn't decide which look to go for. In the end, he decided on the Thin White Duke look, and set about getting it together.

Yesterday finally arrived... and as I set off for the hotel at around 1pm... I was as nervous as hell. I suddenly started to get cold feet, and when I checked in, began to think I might pull out. I carried my suitcase up to my room... ran a bath, and then popped down to check on everything. The function room was looking great... very festive... buffet tables laid out... and the DJ had already set up his sound system... We chatted, and he asked who I was going to be that evening, as he'd been told it was fancy dress. I groaned... Britney Spears... he laughed... I think he thought I was joking. I went back upstairs... saying hi to people as they arrived. I had my bath... and took the opportunity to shave again... I enjoy those languid baths, running the razor along my legs... keeping them smooth... I'm lucky. I'm not too hairy... legs and underarms... and I also keep my bush trimmed.

I checked the clock... 6pm... we were due down at 7... I couldn't put it off much longer... so I laid my clothes out on the bed, and started on my makeup...

Base foundation first... a little darker than normal,

for that Californian tan look... Then more eye makeup than I would normally wear... smoky greys... eyebrows brushed into place and drawn in... mascara coated... there was a knock on the door... I answered it... it was Jack. He chortled when he saw my makeup... we had a quick chat, he explained that he might have to rush away, as his wife wasn't well, and he possibly had to go back to London. Did I mind if he didn't wear his costume... Seemed reasonable, and I was pleased he'd thought to ask. He left.

I went back to my makeup... eyes were ready... blusher... and deep ruby lipstick. Then I carefully pulled my wig into place, and got my pigtails ready with the pink furry scrunchies, took a while as my hands were trembling... I sat back to see how I looked... good. As I said... not Britney... but I looked pretty. If I was to see myself in a bar... I wouldn't automatically think "man"... and for that, I was grateful.

I went to the bed, and took off my robe. I pulled on a tight, flesh coloured G-string, and pushed my balls back between my legs... it's gotten easier, and isn't as painful as it used to be... still smarts though!! Then I pulled my black lace panties into place, enjoying the flat front they gave me... I slipped my bra around my waist and fastened the strap, pulling it up and putting my arms through, and settling it in, feeling the underwiring, biting into my chest. My breast fillers were next, and though they were obvious now... they'd be hidden when my blouse was on. I slowly put my foot into one of the stockings and drew it up my leg... and followed with the second one. I was starting to relax... blouse next... unbuttoned a little, and the tails tied under my bust. Over that the tight grey cardigan... sleeves pushed halfway up my forearms... then I stepped into the skirt, and adjusted it to get just the right amount of bare skin above my stocking tops on show. Then I stepped into my shoes, and checked in the mirror. To say I was pleased was an understatement. I looked... good! As I said before... I looked like a girl... pretending to be Britney... okay... get close, or hear me speak, and the illusion wasn't so good... but overall... :))

I checked my watch... it was time to go down... I started for the door... then panicked. Stopped... opened the fridge and had a coke. Suddenly I started to think I was making a huge mistake, and should get changed again. I sat on my bed... sipped my coke. I could hear people in the corridor going down... laughing. I checked through the spyhole... first past was Cher... (Karen)... looking pretty good... she was accompanied by Jackie as a not so slim Kylie... Behind them was Hugo from the office next to mine as Robbie Williams... he'd gone for the Let Me Entertain You look... tight black catsuit and makeup... I started to feel a little better... it was only a party after all.

I checked my mirror again... pouted a bit... then realised I had to go. I was starting to sweat a little... that "cold trickle" that most cross dressers will remember!!

I breathed deeply, got my key card and slipped it along with some cash into a little hand purse, and opened the door... no going back. I closed the door... and headed for the lift. The corridor was empty... I walked along... aware of the deadening effect of the carpet... and a slight chill on my bare legs above the stockings. Nice... :)

I pressed the button to call the lift... and watched as it came from the floor above. The doors opened... ooops... people inside. Two youngish guys... and behind them... Phil... our accountant. Older than most of us... late thirties... and pretty shy. He was done up as... well he was SUPPOSED to be Mick Jagger... but he was wearing a double-breasted grey suit and a trilby. I stepped into the lift... worried about the reaction from the two guys I didn't know... they moved aside, Phil waved... Peter... looking good... okay... so I didn't REALLY think the two guys would be fooled, but I 'm allowed to dream... :) Not any more. They were quiet all the way down... my heart was still thumping... and I remember making some loutish comment

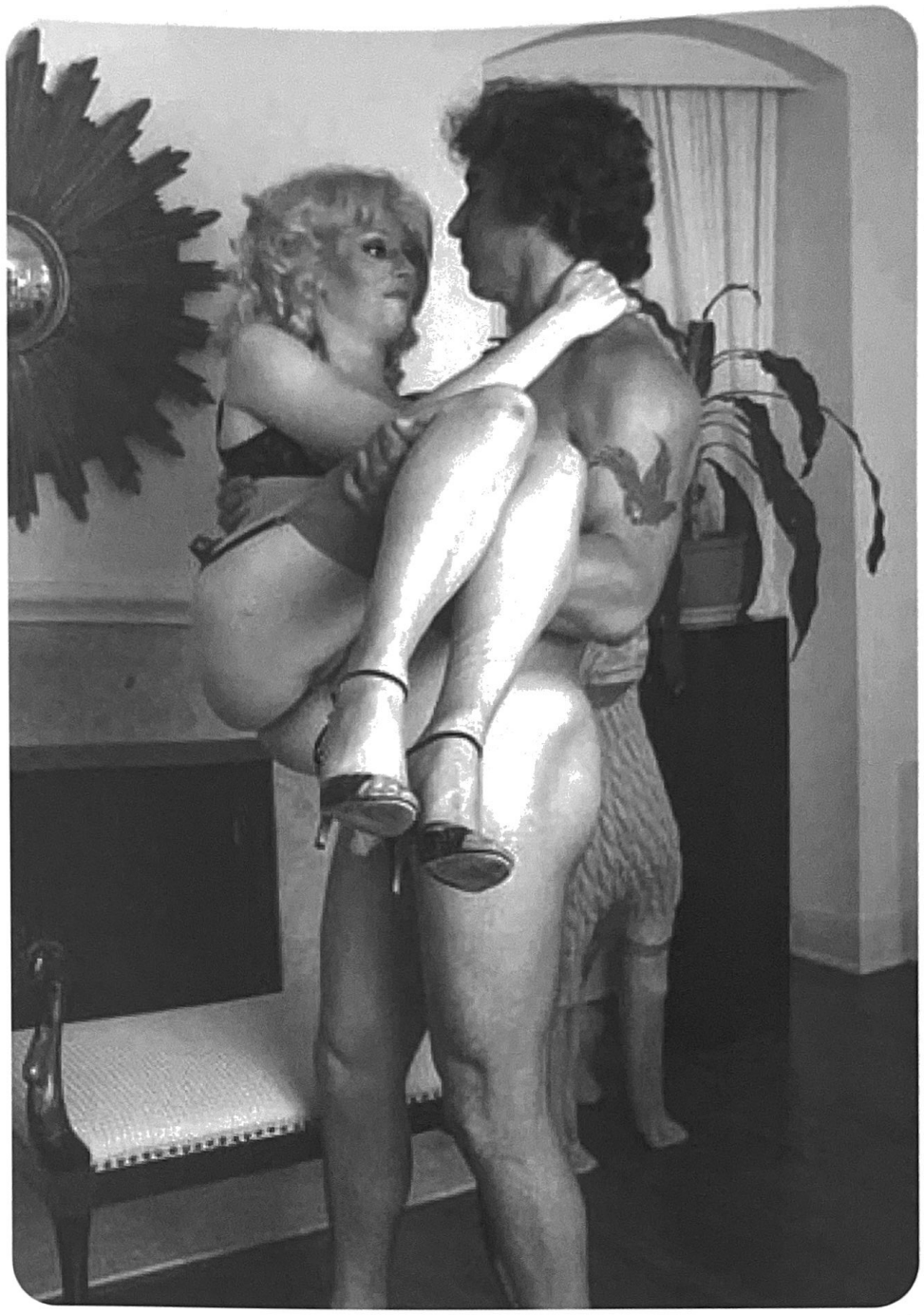
about how it was the last time I screwed up and had to pay the consequences...

The lift stopped in the lobby, and we walked across to where the function room was... I was aware of stares from the girls on reception, but was beginning to relax... a little. I asked Phil about his costume, and he said he felt too old to do Jagger... so he's come as Sinatra... I took his word for it. At least he'd tried!

The function room was heaving... almost everybody was there... along with friends or partners... probably 60 or 70 people. Most of those who didn't work at the office, had had a go at fancy dress too... and I spotted one other Britney... she'd gone for the same look... but at the risk of vanity... I looked better... :)

Pete!! I looked over... it was Jack... sure enough... no costume... he came over... hey... you look... he stopped... I raised an eyebrow. He didn't say any more... just looked a little quizzical, and asked what I wanted to drink... I said vodka and tonic, and he wandered off.

It suddenly hit me... like a hammer... I was in a room full of people, and I was dressed as a girl!! I was elated... I walked across to find a stool to sit on... exchanging hi's with various friends, and getting generally good comments, including my favourite... from our receptionist Hels... you've got GREAT legs! I found a stool, and sat... aware of my skirt riding up over my thighs... exposing flesh... Jack brought me my drink... and we chatted a little... though it was hard to hear really.



Over the next couple of hours... I had a few more drinks than I normally do... and really got into the swing. I remember that I danced with the girls a lot more... and that my style of dancing was very different... I used my arms a lot more, as well as my hips.

I was having a ball... and it was late when I realised that a lot of people had drifted away... I really didn't want it to end... I was more than a little "merry"... and sat down to stop my head spinning. The DJ was announcing the end of the evening, and I was chatting to Hels... Careless Whisper started up... the last slow dance. Hels' boyfriend wandered... well... staggered across and dragged her onto the floor. I watched... then heard a voice say Come on Britney...

I turned... it was a guy called Rob... we'd chatted earlier in the evening... he was a friend of one of the buyers... I remembered because he was tall... easily six four. I realised he was asking me to dance... I giggled... and muttered something... can't remember what... but he was laughing and pulling my arm... and I gave in and wandered onto the floor... everyone there was swaying to the number, and I let him put his arms around my waist, and swayed along... laughing... it was all a joke... right...

He pulled me a little tighter, and it was hard not to put my head into his shoulder owing to his height... after a second or two... I realised what was happening and pulled away... here I was dressed as a girl... slow dancing with a man! I went back to my stool as the DJ was saying good night, and the lights were starting to come back on... I realised the night was over... and I'd have to go back to my room, and get changed. I was gutted... I wanted it to last forever. I lingered as long as I could... chatting to the DJ... making sure he knew where to get paid etc... then sighed... no choice now... back to my room.

As I crossed the floor, I spotted Robert waiting. He waved... we chatted a little, and he told me he wasn't looking forward to the drive back to London, and really needed to sober up a little. I suggested 9and I SWEAR this was literally ALL I meant) that he come to my room and we could have coffee... he nodded, and I led him to the lift and up to my floor.

I've thought it over a lot in the last few hours, and I suppose deep down I WAS leading him on. Firstly... when

we went into my room... I didn't put the main light on... and put the radio station on the TV.

Then I rang room service and asked for a large pot of coffee. When I hung up, I slipped my shoes off... and curled my legs under me on the bed. Robert was sat in the easy chair by the television. Watching me. We talked generally... and I asked him to get the coffee when the waiter knocked. As we were drinking it...

I saw him smiling at me. I asked what's up? He said how often do you dress up? I was gobsmacked... I flustered laughing saying I don't... it's a party he nodded and said yes... but you do it a bit too well... all the girls at the party were saying so Now I was worried... I could feel myself shaking. What an idiot I'd been. I shook my head... he smiled again...

Then he said I noticed when you were dancing... you bent over at one point, and I saw your knickers... Costume ... I said. Nah... a guy would just wear Y fronts... no one would be seeing them... I had no answer. He shrugged. It's not a problem... really... its cool... I nodded. Besides... you look pretty good... Now I smiled.

We carried on sipping coffee... chatting generally. He was a nice guy. Looking back I realise that all the time... I was taking a girls role though I didn't really notice it at the time. Later Robert said... you could have changed out of the clothes you know... Then he smiled again. I just shrugged... I checked the clock... it was 3 am... just after. Robert stood up and said, he ought to get back to London... I asked if he was sober yet, and he said probably not. I said he should book a room... but he said he was skint. So... I suggested he stayed in my room. We made the usual joke about a line of pillows down the middle of the bed... and I said he could use the bathroom first.

As I stood to get the bed ready, Robert stood too... and I remember exactly how he said it... I've gone over it so many times in my head... every guy's fantasy to sleep with Britney... any chance? I just stared at him... my tummy was doing summersaults... he was coming on to me... okay sop we'd had a lot to drink... but... he approached me, and put his arms around my waist again... then he leant forward and kissed me.

First time I'd ever been kissed by a man. I was stunned. He was stubbly... and I kept my mouth shut... but I didn't pull away. He looked into my eyes... pulled me tighter, and kissed me again... I gasped a little, then felt him pressing more, and I opened my mouth and kissed him back... feeling a mans tongue in my mouth... it felt HUGE in relation to a girl's.

His hands were moving over my back and I felt him cup my bottom... stroking through my skirt... I tried to do what a girl would do... stroking his neck as we kissed... then his hand was under my skirt, stroking my bottom through my panties... one finger pressing against my hole... I pulled away... frightened...

Robert stopped and held his hands up... he apologised... I explained I'd NEVER kissed a man before... and we talked a little... Rob said that he'd had a few experiences with men... and it was fine if I didn't want to go any further. God I was all over the place... I truly didn't know what I wanted.

At Rob's suggestion, we turned the light off... he stripped down to his shorts, and I kept my clothes on. We lay down on the bed in the darkness and chatted... then we went silent. I began to think he'd gone to sleep. At that point I realised that I DIDN'T WANT him to go to sleep... so I start-

ed sighing as I couldn't sleep... eventually he giggled in the dark, and I punched him... he rolled over, and was on top of me... this time, I responded to his kisses... passionately...

I felt his hand under my skirt again, and I adjusted my position to accommodate him... as he stroked the front of my panties, my insides were on fire, and I let my hand slip down to his shorts. He was erect... I swallowed hard, and started to rub him through his shorts... I don't think I was very good... but he was groaning... and whispering encouragement in my ear... he undid the buttons on my cardigan, and then my blouse, and sat me up... I slipped them off... I remember he was behind me, and sneezed from my pink scrunchies...

We laughed then he had me slide my skirt off... we lay back again, and I felt him taking off his shorts. As we kissed again, I now took hold of his cock... it was weird... I'd only ever felt my own before... i wanked him slowly... he whispered if I wanted him to free mine, but I said no... at that moment, I wanted to be a girl. He kissed my neck, sending tingles down my spine... and I carried on wanking him...

We carried on like this for a while, then I felt him shift, and sit up, then he was sat on top of me... stroking my "breasts" and kissing me deeply. In the dim light, I saw him sit upright... and lean forward... and I could just make out his cock... I knew what he wanted me to do... I'd done exactly the same thing to girls myself. I paused... I said I'm not sure I can do that... He laughed and said that was okay... and slipped off me... I could tell he was disappointed. We broke off for a while and had a coke... then we climbed back onto the bed, and he stroked my legs... I was in heaven...

I started to play with him again... then thought sod it... I need to try... and I slid down his body... he adjusted himself, and in the darkness, I took his cock in my hand and slowly put it to my lips. The smell was unusual to say the least... I flicked my tongue at it... salty... not unpleasant... I put the tip into my mouth, and held it there. Robert went very still... I sucked a little and he groaned... I carried on sucking... he was groaning away... and I was pleased that I was pleasing him...

I felt him grab my pigtails and start to fuck my face, and we had to stop a few times while I got used to it... eventually, I felt him begin to tense, and I knew he was going to cum... he kept hold of my pigtails, and I started to pull back... he said something about ... in your mouth... but I panicked and pulled back, as he started to cum... he exploded... and I felt him spattering my "breasts" and neck... part of me was disgusted with myself... another part over the moon... as he finished... he pulled me to him, and kissed me passionately.

He lay me on my back, and lay on top of me again... he said he really wanted to fuck me, but we had no rubbers... so we kissed more and as he got harder... he lay on top of me, and I wrapped my legs around him as he humped me... it felt like all the worlds as though I was being screwed, and the friction as my cock was pushed back beneath me was too much... eventually I felt myself cumming... moaning and nuzzling his neck as I did.

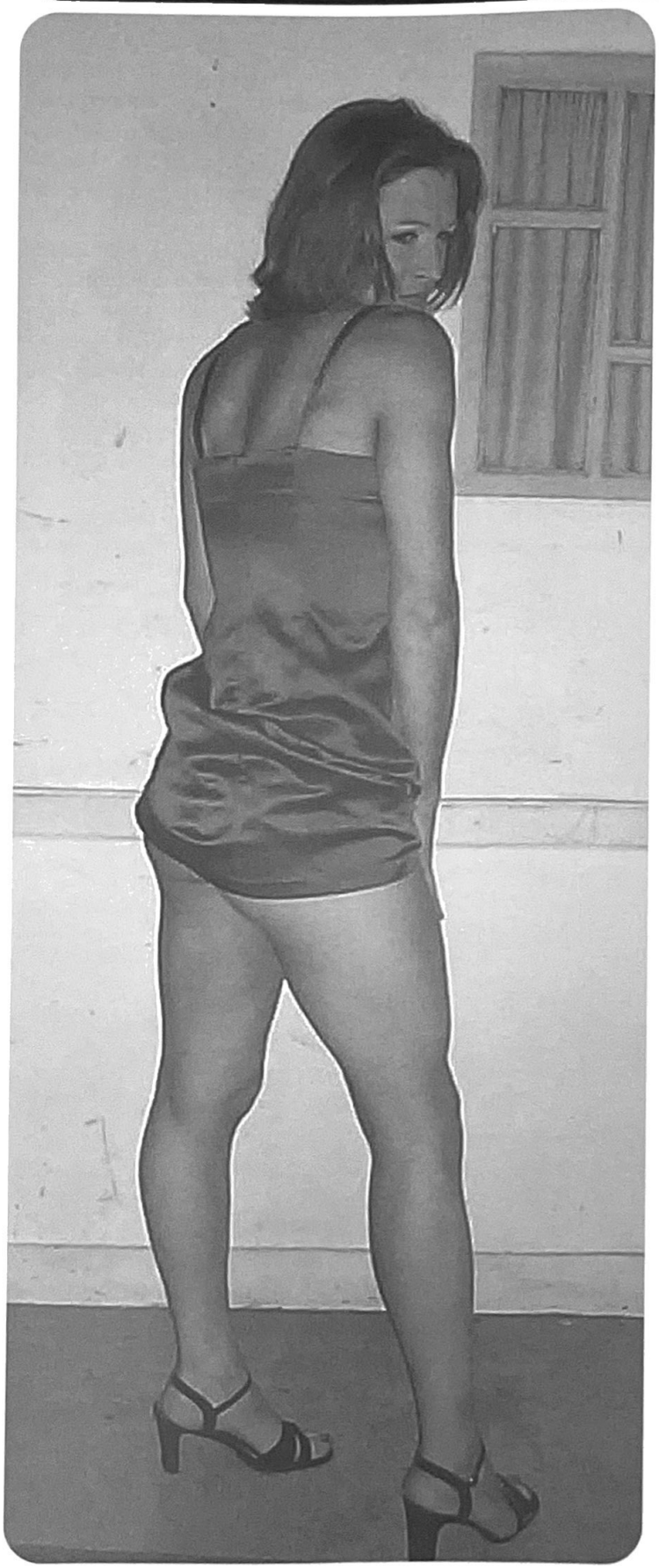
We got cleaned up... and eventually fell asleep wrapped together... him naked, me in my bra and panties.

This morning, I think we were both very embarrassed, and didn't say much as he dressed and left. When I looked in the mirror, I was a state... make up smeared all over... and the remains of his explosion still on my bra.

Tonight... back at home... I STILL cant believe I went to a party as Britney... and ended up giving a guy a blow job.

Will I do it again? God knows... I was excited as all hell... I don't think I'll go looking, but I also doubt I would turn it down if it arose again.

My Qualifications to Write About Crossdressing



How ironic! While looking for something in my files the other day I found I have been writing about crossdressing more than 10 years now. The problem is, I now realize I am completely unqualified to be a crossdresser, let alone a writer on the subject. Think about it, just what are the qualifications for a crossdresser? Surely you've read a multitude of "true life stories" in the crossdressing magazines. Perhaps if we were to distill all these stories we can come up with a set of qualifications for a true crossdresser. This would produce a sort of a smorgasbord of features, where you can pick one from column A and one from column B until you have a complete dinner, but every true life article has most of the following items in it.

I knew I was different at 6 months of age but was overwhelmed with guilt and agony because I was the only one so I joined the army to prove I wasn't gay and of course sex had nothing to do with it then I found my sisters and we all went out shopping at the mall but when I went home my wife found me in her dress so there was a nasty divorce so I started boozing but now I'm recovering and accept my femininity and life is going to be just dandy.

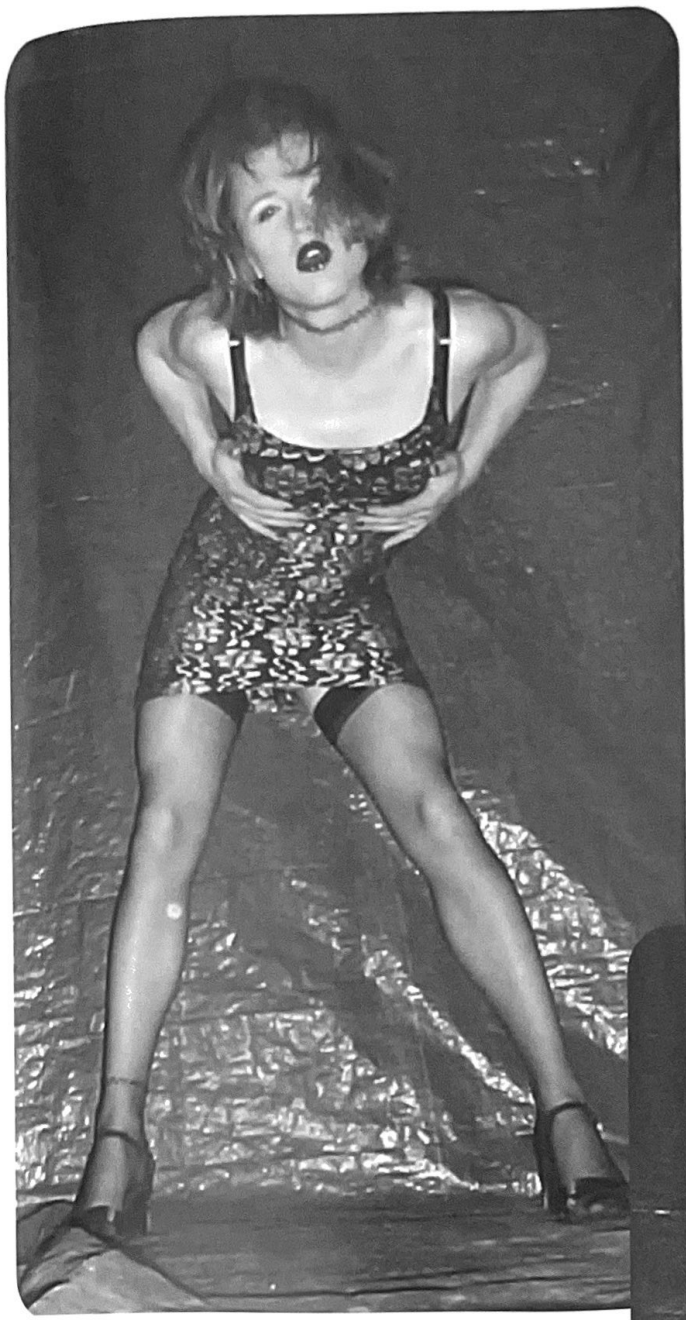
I think that covers everything, except maybe gushing about nail polish colors, eye shadow and frilly skirts. So if these are the essential qualifications to be a crossdresser then I'm in deep trouble. Let's look at them one by one.

* I knew I was different / guilt and agony - Nah, I have always had an ego that has never let me down. I knew if I did it there had to be somebody else out there that wanted to do it too, even if I didn't know them. So why feel guilty? It has to be normal to someone.

* I joined the army to prove I'm not gay - Hell, I was number 347 in the draft. Remember I grew up while we were playing policeman in Viet Nam. I quit school and got a job within days of the lottery. I'm not gay either, but feel no need to prove it to anyone.

* Sex had nothing to do with it - Give me a break, I started dressing to feed my adolescent libido and sex had everything to do with it.

* We all went out shopping at the mall - I hate malls. Every blasted one of them is the same, with the same dumb stores selling the same merchandise you can get anywhere else at much lower prices. Tell me,



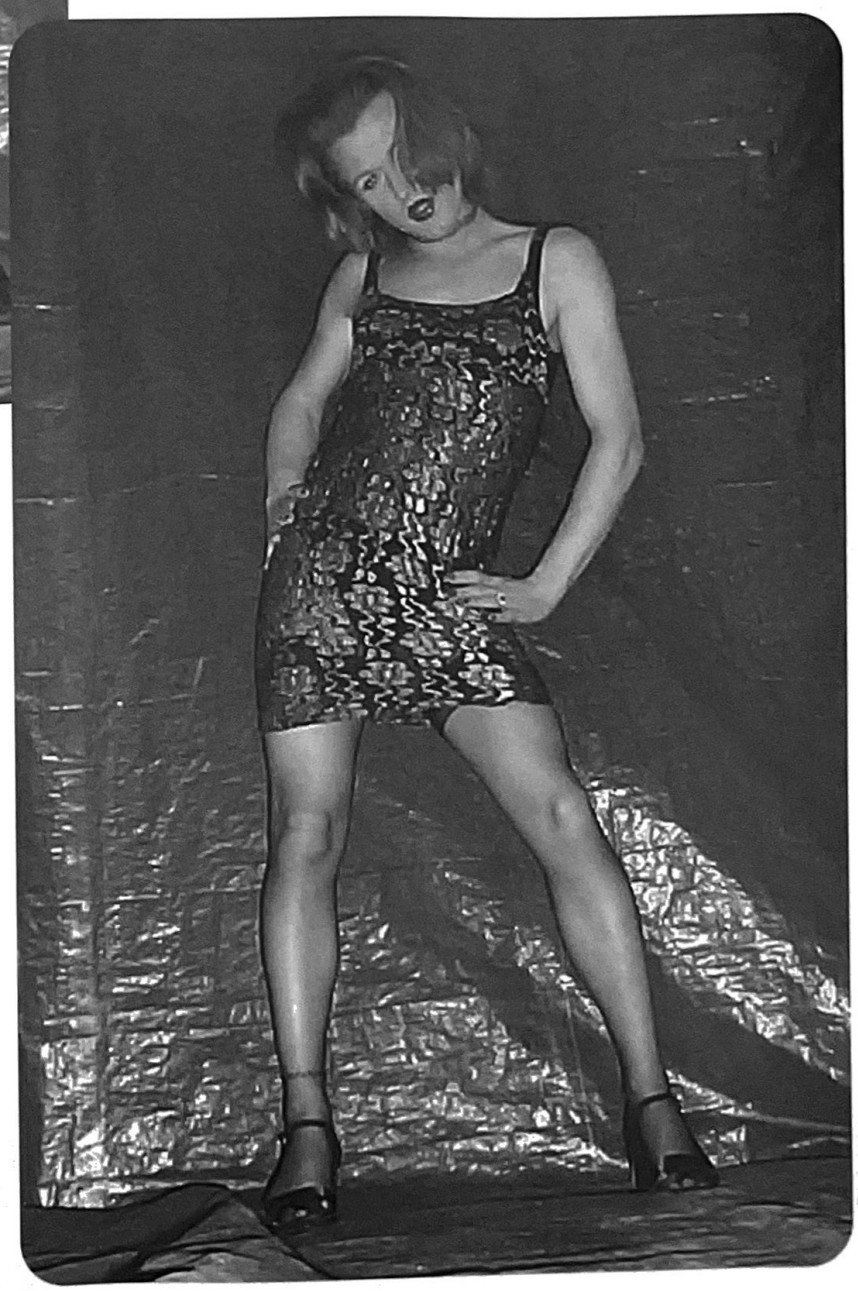
would you really to be associated with someone who would drop $1.25 for one of those soft pretzels? With mustard? Sometimes I think that crossdressing couldn't exist without malls. I really can't recall a story where a crossdresser got prettied up and went anywhere else. Concerts - you have to sit too close to some stranger. Public parks, better but there's a lot of open territory to cross and too many sharp eyed kids. The mall is just great for impersonal semi-interaction, but I'll buy my dresses elsewhere, thank you.

* My wife found me and there was a nasty divorce - Sorry, her dresses wouldn't fit me and I told her when the time came. She just thought I was a bit weirder than before and made me a couple of dresses that did fit. Even though we are getting a divorce it's amicable and the crossdressing has no part in it.

* I started drinking, etc. - I'm a teetotaler and always have been. As far as I can tell I never grew up and that stuff is for adults. I prefer reality straight and not filtered through a chemical haze.

* I accept my femininity and life is going to be just dandy - Strangely enough I really don't feel feminine. Those feelings in me that might be called feminine are just part of me. There is no woman within as far as I can tell, but Lord knows there's enough of me to have a few of them in there with pounds to spare. I simply like to wear the clothes.

So I guess that's it, I have to disqualify myself as a crossdresser. What sort of ceremony shall we use? Perhaps the Crossdresser General will approach me as I stand before the ranks of my former sisters and, with drums solemnly beating in the background, rip off my shoulder pads, strip the pink bow from my bra and the lace from my panties then send me away in disgrace to wear black oxfords for the rest of my life. We could hold a formal tearing down of my clothes closet, where it and its contents are burned and the ashes scattered to the four winds. I don't know, perhaps if I repent and go to the mall to revel in my guilt I can be saved, but I doubt it.



HOW KIM HUMILIATED ME IN DRAG

This is the story of the first time I dressed in drag in front of a GG (genuine girl) and how I inadvertently put myself in the position of being humiliated in public. This was the early 1970's, when glam rock was big and magazines like Creem regularly featured guys in very feminine attire if not outright drag. Among my friends was a girl - Kim – a mischievous brunette with a wicked sense of humor. I was in a record store one day with Kim and she brought up the subject. She showed me the covers of some records that featured boys in fem clothing and then she said, "You know, you'd look kinda cute in a dress, I bet."

Well, I was very excited at the thought, as I had been dressing for years but I'd never confided that to anyone. So, casually, I mentioned that another friend, Melissa, had recently said it wasn't fair that women could wear skirts & pants but men could only wear pants. I told Kim how I had assured Melissa, who everyone knew I had a crush on, that if she would marry me, I would be glad to address this inequity by wearing the wedding dress. Melissa had promised me that if we did indeed marry, she's be glad to wear the tux and she'd love to see me in the wedding dress. We had laughed it off, but Kim said that she thought it would be fun to dress me up sometime to surprise Melissa. I said okay, figuring nothing would come of it. Shows what I know.

A few weeks later, I was driving home from a club and as I went by Kim's house, I saw her sitting on her front stoop. I stopped and joined her. She told me that her parents were away in Europe and she was waiting for Angela, who lived around the corner, to get home from a date. Kim confessed that she didn't like being in the house alone and planned to sleep over at Angela's.

Before long, the conversation turned to my casual agreement to let her dress me as a girl. "We'd have to practice before we could do it for Melissa," she decided. It was only about midnight and Angela wasn't expected back for several hours. "How about now?" she asked.

I was terrified. I wanted to do it so badly, but I was afraid of the story getting out. After I extracted a promise from Kim to keep our escapade a secret, I "reluctantly" agreed.

"Great!" she said and she dragged me into the house. She made me strip to my shorts and, looking them over critically, decided Fruit of the Loom wouldn't do. She was much too tiny for her underwear to fit me, so she got a pair from her mother's room. Now Kim's mother was an exotic Latina with an incredible fashion sense and the panties Kim liberated from her dresser were silky lemon yellow with rows of ruffles across the backside. "They're called rhumba panties," Kim told me, then she turned around so I could change. As I was changing, I looked up and saw her peeking. "Aww," she said, "look at how tiny your little dick is."

I was mortified. I had, at best, a two-inch dick and was very sensitive about that fact. Kim dissolved into giggles as she watched the blush color my face. I yanked the panties up to cover my lacking manhood, which was getting hard from the humiliation and she pointed to it. "Oh look, it's waking up now."

We stood there for a minute or two - me with my little dick rising in the silky yellow panties and her watching and giggling. "What's next?" I asked. She thought for a moment, then took a short frilly nightie from her mother's closet and handed it to me.

"Here. This should keep your little problem covered up while we do your makeup."

The way she leaned on the word little made it plain that she knew how humiliated I was and how much she was enjoying herself. I'd always sensed a kind of casual cruelty in her mother's imperious presence and I could see

now that it had been passed on to her foxy daughter. I put on the nightie, which was green and had ruffles on the straps, the bodice and around the hem. "You look adorable!" Kim said, laughing out loud now. I attempted a feminine pose and she laughed even harder.

"C'mon, let's do your make-up," she said, pulling me into her bedroom. For the next half hour we sat on her bed as she transformed my face. When I was allowed to look in the mirror, I was astounded. She's really piled the make-up on and I looked like a cheap whore. "Isn't it a little...slutty?" I asked.

"The look suits you," she said cruelly through her laughter. She went to her closet and pulled out a silky mini-skirt with an elastic waist. It was a black and white print and had a flippy, flirty hem. "This is the only thing of mine that might fit you," she said. "We'll get the rest from my Mother's room."

"Your Mom might not like that," I said.

"She's got so much stuff, she'll never notice. We'll just pick something she never wears anymore." A few minutes later she showed me several blouses. I instantly knew I wanted the white crepe blouse with the cascade of lacy ruffles down the front and the big lace-trimmed ruffled cuffs. I've always had a thing about white ruffled blouses, but I didn't want to make that obvious. I pretended to look them all over then chose the ruffled one on the basis that it would help me look more feminine.

"Wait," she said. "You need a bra and a slip." She pulled a yellow bra out that seemed to match my rhumba panties and she motioned impatiently for me to cast off the nightie. Once she had it on me, she stuffed the bra with panties from the hamper.

"This way she'll never notice, cause they have to be washed anyway," Kim decided. The aroma from them was intoxicating. Kim checked them as she put them in and when one proved to have a skid mark, she teasingly wiped it across my face, laughing at my reaction.

"What?" she said in mock anger. "My Mother's shit isn't good enough for you?" Then she rolled the panties up and put them in my bra anyway. Then she chose an incredible white nylon slip with several inches of lace at the hem and a lace covered bodice. She helped me into it and as it fell down over my body, I could barely suppress a sigh of ecstasy.

"That little guy sure is having fun," Kim pointed out, delighting in my cock's tenting of the slip. "You'd better do something about that."

"How?" I asked, feigning confusion.

Kim reached in the hamper, handed me another pair of soiled panties and said, "I've always wanted to watch a guy jerk off. Consider it part of the price of me dressing you up and not telling. I get to watch you."

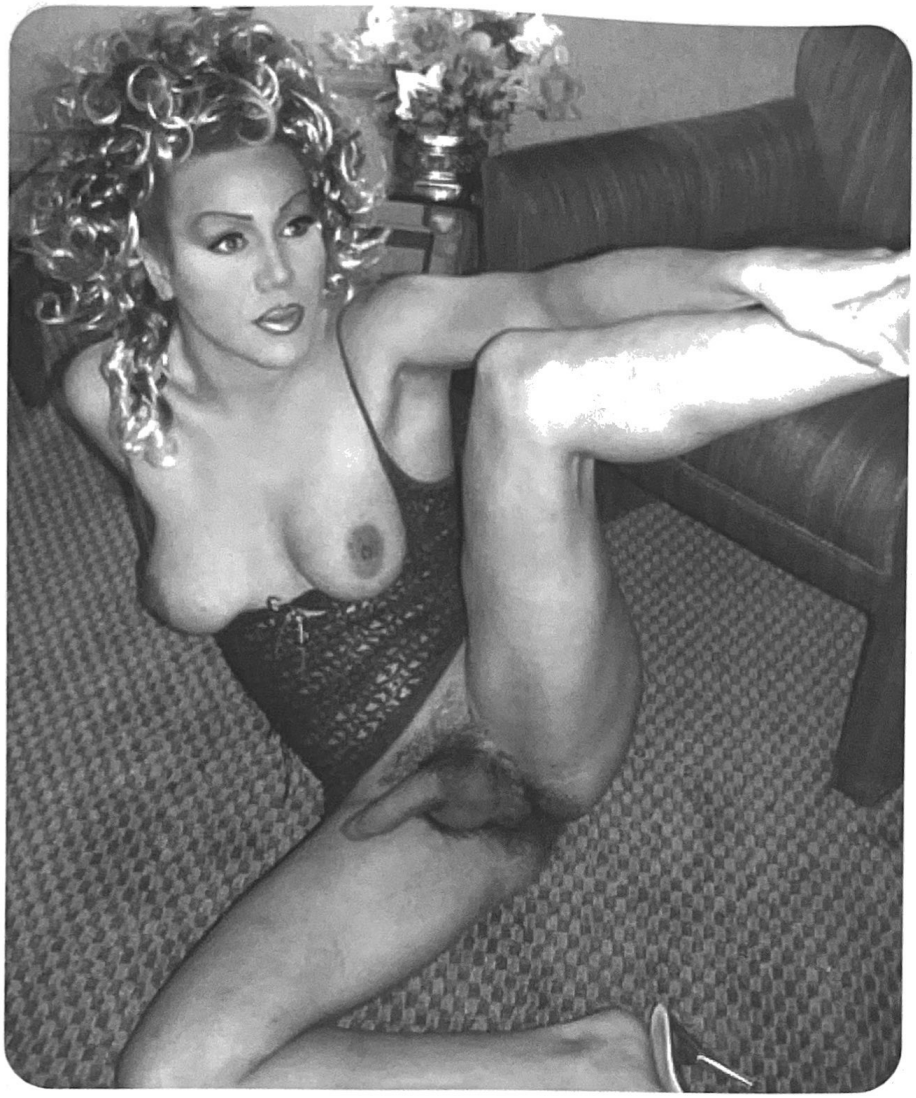
"In these?" I asked incredulously.

"Sure," she said. "I saw some guy do it in a porn movie. You do know how, don't you?"

My embarrassment over that had her laughing again and so, utterly humiliated, I went into her bedroom and, lying on her bed, with Kim sitting beside me eagerly watching, I jerked off. It took a while to get over the weirdness of the situation, but I finally got it going and when I came, my jism jetted out from my dick onto my thigh.

When I dressed up at home, jerking off was always the end of the ritual. Cumming turned off the switch that made drag pleasurable. The humiliation was no longer pleasant and I would pull off the clothes in shame. I told Kim it was time for me to change back, but she wasn't listening. "Nonsense," she said. "We're just about done and I want to see the full effect." But she didn't make a move. She just stared at the pool of cum on my leg.

She finally put her finger out, scooped some up on her nail and tasted it. "Not bad, " she said. "Here, you try." She scooped up more and held it to my mouth. I shook my head. "Part of the deal," said Kim. I knew I was screwed so I took it in my mouth. It tasted weird, salty and pungent. "Want some more?" Kim asked. I shook my head again, but she just looked at me and I opened my mouth. We sat there



for a while as she fed me my cum, then wiping off my leg with the panties, she said, "You need stockings."

Stockings meant a garter belt and then a pair of her Mom's strappy sandals, which didn't fit, but were close. She combed out my long strawberry blonde hair and used a long black and white zebra-striped silk scarf, headband style, to pull my hair back behind my ears, She positioned the scarf's knot over my left ear, so the ends flounced around in my peripheral vision as I moved, tickling my ear. She took another black and white abstract pattern scarf and knotted it around my throat. "Male prostitutes who dress like women wear scarves around their necks to hide their Adam's apple," she said. "How about it? Ready to go out and turn some tricks?"

I struck a hooker pose which made us both laugh, then she had me put on some earrings with tinkling bells hanging down. When I said the bells were annoying, she shrugged. "They're the only clip-ons I have. Would you rather I pierced your ears?"

I shut up.

Then she had me put on the mini-skirt. It failed to cover the slip by several inches. "I never thought I'd be saying this to you," she giggled, "but your slip is showing." I asked for a different skirt but she refused, saying there wasn't another that would fit me. "Besides," she said, trying not to laugh and failing, "I like this look on you." She made me practice walking until she was satisfied with my wiggle, then she showed me how to sit and smooth my skirt out and then she announced we were going to take a little walk.

"I can't go outside like this," I gasped.

"Of course you can," said Kim. "besides, part of the deal, remember."

"No, I don't remember. Seems like whenever you want to make me do something I don't want to do, it becomes part of the deal."

"I know," she giggled, "and there's not much you can do about it, is there? Unless you want me to tell..."

So we went out. First, we sat on chairs in her backyard, but then she insisted we walk around the block. At the corner, she snatched some flowers from a bush and put them in my hair. She made me mince along and teased me about how I looked, how my slip was showing and how funny it would be to dress me up this way for Melissa. She kept leading me further away from her house. When I said I'd go back alone, she reminded me the house was locked and she had the key.

Finally, we reached a major intersection. There was almost no traffic at that hour. So Kim designed a little task for me to humiliate me even further. She made me go out in the middle of the avenue, do a little dance then flip my skirt and slip up to show my panties. The first couple of times I did it I got back to the sidewalk without any traffic coming by. But the fourth time, just as I did it, a truck came along and the driver tooted his horn appreciatively. I was so embarrassed and so turned on, it was overwhelming.

After she stopped laughing about the look on the trucker's face, Kim pulled a scarf out of her pocketbook and insisted I let her blindfold me. Then, as cars went by, she flipped my skirt and slip up and flashed my panties. I could hear horns honk, but after a carload of guys went by yelling and hooting, she led me quickly down a side street. She took off the blindfold after a few blocks of helping me stumble along. At one point, she grabbed my replenished erection and led me by that, making a comment about how men would always follow their dicks. How true I now knew that to be.

We finally reached her house again and sat on the stoop to rest our feet. Mine were particularly sore as I was walking in 3-inch heels on shoes that were too small. I was just about to ask her to let me in to change when a car pulled up in front of Angela's house.

"Oh shit," I said, "they're back. C'mon Kim, let me get inside and change."

But Kim, who could really play the ditz sometimes, said she couldn't find her house key. I was really panicking now, because I knew the guy Angela was dating was a real Cro-Magnon type and I did not want to be seen by him (or Angela for that matter) in drag.

Kim kept dithering about the key, and then

doors opened and Angela and her date got out and started WALKING TOWARDS US!!!!!

I came down off the stoop and ran around behind the house. Once there I walked to the other end and peeked out. They were nowhere to be seen. I later learned they had gone to the side where I'd disappeared, looking for me. I went back the way I came and saw no one, so I crept towards the front and looked out. I saw Angela's boyfriend driving away and Kim and Angela went into Angela's house! I was stuck!!!

I had no idea of what to do. My car keys and my house keys were in my jeans in Kim's house. It was a long walk home from there and I felt sure I'd be seen by one of my neighbors or something. I went in back of her house and debated sitting there until Kim came home the next morning. The sky was already getting lighter. Dawn was only a few minutes away.

Despite my despair, the humiliation of my dilemma had my dick hard and throbbing. Since it kept me from concentrating on the situation at hand, I began stroking it and, moments later, was rewarded by the most intense orgasm I'd ever had in my life. Unfortunately, that was followed by the most crushing feeling of self-humiliation imaginable. Not erotic in the least, I was just plain mortified, beyond anything I'd ever felt. I wanted the earth to open up and swallow me. Before I knew it, I was crying.

As the humiliation that followed my orgasm faded a bit, I began to contemplate my predicament. After a minute or two, I decided that walking home was my best bet, since I often left my bedroom window unlatched to facilitate a quiet entrance when drunk.

As I passed Angela's house, I could see the lights were on in one of the upstairs bedrooms. I thought I could toss some pebbles up and maybe get the girls' attention. It would mean humiliating myself in front of Angela, but she was a sweet girl who probably wouldn't abuse me with the knowledge the way Kim seemed to enjoy. The trouble was, Angela had two big jock brothers and they had the other upstairs bedroom. I'd been up there once or twice when I'd hung out with them, but the geography of the house was fuzzy in my mind. I finally decided that if her brother's answered the window, I'd just have to hide. I tossed the pebbles and after about the third one, Angela opened the window and looked out. I was trying to hide behind a bush but I don't suppose it hid much. She laughed at the sight of me and called Kim over to the window. I angrily demanded Kim come down and let me back in her house to change.

Next thing I knew they were both at the front door. Kim wouldn't take me back until I gave Angela a good look at my feminine alter ego. Leaving her laughing and promising to wait up for Kim, we finally returned to Kim's house.

She told me that when I ran away, she assumed I'd gone home. I told her I had no keys and that just made her laugh some more. But when she saw what I'd done to her Mother's panties and slip, she wasn't laughing. She stood there and made me suck my cum out of the lingerie and then she made me hand wash both items. Then she cleaned off the make-up and I got back into my clothes and went home.

A week later at the park, Angela climbed into my car and made me tell her the whole story. I told her how Kim kept upping the ante and how I'd been powerless to do anything but go along. She said that it was a trait she got from her Mother who had her Dad, a burly construction company owner, wrapped around her little finger. "Like mother like daughter," said Angela.

"She told me her side of it that night after you changed and went home. She was going to tell everyone anyway, but I made her promise not to."

"Thanks Angela."

"It's okay. But I'd like a favor in return."

"Sure, Angela, anything I can do."

"Well, see, I couldn't talk her out of making you dress up for Melissa. That you're going to have to do. And I know she's going to make it just as humiliating for you as she can. So what I want..."

"Yes?"

She gave me the cutest smile and said, "I want to be there to see it, too.

My First Nylon and Girdle Experience

Well, to start off, this is a VERY true story. It happened to me when I was just about 12 years old.

I was over at my Mom's friend's house. I used to play with her two boys all the time. She was a pretty blonde lady and always wore very sexy things. While my Mom was very naive when came to sex, Sally (not her real name) was kind of a wild, with a "go for the gusto" mentality.

One day I was over playing in their yard with her sons and had to go use the bathroom. Well, when I walked in and took my seat on the throne, my eyes fell quickly on several pairs of some very silky nylons hanging on the shower rod! I sat there doing my thing and just stared at those sexy items of PURE sex! I could not keep my eyes off them and as soon as I was done, I stood up and HAD to touch them. I felt soooo naughty and hoped that I would not get caught! I was so turned on and being that I was just really getting into my cock (masturbating) it did not take more then a second to create a raging hard-on in my other hand! They felt and smelled so good!

They were silky between my little fingers. I was now rubbing them with one hand and my cock with the other. Then, I looked around for any other of her things that she may have left in there. When I saw the hamper in corner, I had to break away from my newfound treasure, I let go of her nylons and went to look in the possible treasure chest before me.

To my delight, I found many of her used and rather fragrant clothes including some of her very personal under things! I thought I struck gold! There were sooo many of her things. I ended up with a very sexy white girdle complete with garter snaps. It was pretty heavy in my young hands; wonderful Lycra was not yet invented. It contained a beautiful unique smell that was a mix of the material, her perfume, and best of all.... HER! For some crazy reason I just HAD to put them on! I did not even stop to think why or if this meant I was weird or something. I was totally swept away by the lust of those sexy items that belonged to my Mother's very sexy friend!

The first thing I did, was to quickly strip out of the rest of my clothes and then put the cover down on the toilet seat. I grabbed a beautiful pair of shiny tan nylons off the rod and started to rub them all over my face, then my neck, chest and then right to my young now very hard cock. It felt like the most wonderful thing I have EVER felt in my short time on the Earth! I again picked up the heavy girdle and stepped into it. It felt like it was almost too small for me but I was very determined to get it all the way on. I did, and then as I sat down on the toilet, I noticed my cock peeking through the open bottom of the girdle. It felt so tight and wonderful. I then reached for the first of the silky nylons. I was so into this that it seemed that my hand went in slow motion.

Almost as if "Father Time" knew this would be one of the most remembered experiences of my whole life (it still is and I am almost 40 today) and wanted me to get the very most of it! I had seen my Mom put on her nylons over the years, and while it never did any thing for me, I did remember the technique she used. I held the nylons by the tops and then rolled them up until they were all bunched up in my hands. I started to slip my toes into them and then my ankles, then

they glided over my small calves, over my knee, until it was fully up my leg next to the bottom of my girdle snaps. I began to attach them to my nylon and when I attached the last (of 4) I nearly fainted! IT FELT SOOOO FUCKING GOOD! AND, it looked even better. My leg looked like my Mother's friend, or at least that's what I thought.

I quickly repeated it with the other leg. WOW! I loved it and was sooo turned on, it felt like if I even touched my cock, it would explode! My legs looked shiny, silky and ohhhhh soooo fucking sexy! I was hooked! I sat there and just looked at them, felt them, crossed my legs back and forth. I was in heaven! ! ! The swishing sound they made was hypnotic. I was so turned on by this point that I completely lost track of the time. I must have been in there over a half hour. Just then I heard a LOUD knock on the bathroom door! It was my Mom's friend asking me if I fell in or something???

I JUST FROZE! I felt so much terror race through my body AND soul! I did not know what to do OR say! That would be a mistake times 2! First cause I did not rush to take every thing off and worse I did not respond to her question. Well, the next thing I knew she opened the door and with a VERY shocked expression on her face, she saw the reason why I had been MIA! She started to let out a huge and very loud laugh but caught herself with her hand over her mouth. Her eyes were open very wide and looked like she just had seen a UFO! I felt soooo much shame already and then she added to that 100 times when she said, "Well, what do we have here?" in a VERY teasing tone. I just dropped my eyes to the floor in total shame! Without another word she left the bathroom but came back only a minute later. I could not move or do anything. I think I would have stood there even if the house were on fire. When she returned she said, "We, have to have a little talk!" then took me by the hand to lead me out of the bathroom. What had I done? What was going to happen to me now?

There I was, one minute feeling a feeling like I have NEVER felt that TOTALLY set my being on fire! Two minutes later, feeling like I wanted to fall into some crack and NEVER been seen again! My Mom's friend did not know what to do or say first! She had a wicked yet almost understanding look upon her beautiful face. She pulled me into her room with me still looking like some pre-prom queen (no pun intended!) I could feel the blood in face. I was so scared and ashamed, I did not know what to do or say. If she would of walked me off a bridge right then and there, I would not have even paused. The funny thing was that my cock was still rock hard and pushing its way from under the open bottom girdle. With each step, I could hear and feel the nylons on my legs swishing and sending little electric sparks through my legs and right to my brain and cock!

Sally walked me into her room, and still holding my hand, turned to face me as she sat on the end of the bed. She still had "that look" clearly all over her face and she also started to look like she was trying to figure out what to do with me and my antics. She took my other hand in hers and asked why I did what I did? I told her

that I had NO idea! I really did go to use the bathroom, and while I was sitting there, her things look so interesting that I was almost hypnotized into what I did. They looked so delicate, silky, feminine, and not to mention, naughty! GOD! I can't believe I told her THAT last word!

She just smiled even bigger and said she TOTALLY understands and agrees! She said that she wears them so often that she must take them for granted. I than said that I sure would not! OH MY GOD! Again I added another nail in my coffin! I swear it was her sexy ways and those damn clothes that made me say stupid and incriminating things.

I almost died from what Sally said next; she said her boys were going to their Dad's house this weekend but she would talk to my Mother and have me stay for the weekend. TALK TO MY MOTHER???? NO! I was VERY relieved when she added that she will not tell her or anyone else what she found today, IF I do as I am told and to the letter! I of course responded with a VERY fast, YES! She smiled, and than said to go back to the bathroom and change back into my boy's clothes before her two boys came in and found me. I sure did not have to be told again! I was kind of sad taking all of those sexy things off, but did so very quickly. My cock was still hard and Sally walked in just as I got everything off, but before I could put my things back on. I swear I saw her look at my erection and chuckle about it. I again felt the blood rush to my face and struggled to get my very hard cock into my underwear. When I was done, Sally gave me a pat on my butt as I walked by her and said she looked forward to this weekend! It was Monday and it was going to be a LONG week for me! My head was spinning like a top. I ran by the boys outside and yelled to them that I had to get home and did not even stop to talk. I did not want anyone to see my red face and especially my hard-on in my pants.

I arrived at home moments later and saw my Mom just hanging up the phone. She did not look very happy. OH MY GOD! Sally must of told her, anyway! My Mom than looked right into my soul and said that she heard I had a bit of a day over at Sally's house today. That's it I was busted! That sure helped my cock to go totally soft now! She told me that I had made a very big mess there with the boys and that she asked if she could have me for the weekend to punish me along with the boys. My mom bought it and said that I would be there for sure and that I would do what I am told or I would get it from her too! She than said that it was good because she would go to her sister's for the weekend and take my dad for a mini vacation. She asked me what she was to do with me, while shaking her head. She than turned while telling me to go get ready for dinner and clean up. I headed right for the bathroom, and as I entered, I saw my mom's pantyhose hanging on the rod! I panicked for a minute, and than thought that it was almost like they were haunting and tempting me! My cock started to stir again, but I quickly dismissed the thought and snapped out of it! Enough shock and stress for one day!

The few days seam to drag (again, no pun intended!) on and on. I was both afraid and even kinda excited to see what Sally had in mind for me that weekend. I know that with each day I longed more and more to feel those silky shiny nylons back on my legs being held up by the garters of one of Sally's heavy and tight girdles. I didn't even know if that is what she had planned or

WHAT she had planned! I wanted to see the shine they made in the light and hear the swishing sound when I walked or crossed my legs. AND THE SMELL! I loved that smell! I wanted it so bad that I could almost smell it from memory! Yes I wanted those nylons and Sally's girdle really bad!

Well, the Friday morning came, and my mom said that when I get out of school, I was to go directly to Sally's house and that she and dad would already be on their way to my aunt's house. She said she would call when they arrived and to make sure I behaved and did EVERYTHING that Sally told me to do without ANY lip! Boy, if she only knew what she was telling me, or did she? The funny thing is, I noticed my mom all dressed up, and I noticed she had on a nice nude pair of shiny nylons along with a pretty sexy and short dress. Not to mention her 3 or 4-inch high heels. She saw me looking, and than added that she and dad were stopping on the way for a very nice brunch and she figured she would get "snazzy" for him. I told her she looked very nice and to have a wonderful time. I also told her that I would be on my very best behavior and not to worry or ruin her trip because of me. She smiled and gave me a kiss and a hug, and scooted me out the door to catch the bus.

I swear, that day at school seemed twice as long! I also noticed that most of the females at school that day were wearing skirts or dresses along with nylons in just about every shade! I was soooooooo turned on and jealous! I wanted to feel them on me! I did not even know if I would get that chance this weekend! What if that was not Sally's plan for me? Fuck that! I will sneak them again and I don't care if I get caught. At that point it would be worth it! ! ! That is how worked up I was with my mind racing and lusting at 500 miles an hour and all the girls around me wearing their nylons. Even my MOM!

Three o'clock chimed in like it was midnight on New Years! I jetted out to where all the busses were parked and was the first to get on and even sat in the first row so it would not take long to get off the bus when it was my stop! Yeah, I had it REALLY bad! I know! Sure enough, as the bus rounded the street and Sally's house came into view my heart started to race with excitement and fear! It was tricky getting off the bus as my cock also started to grow to a full erection. I dashed to Sally's front door and I did not even have to knock as she opened it just as I approached. It was like she was anxiously waiting for this moment like me! Nah, I am sure THAT would be just wishful thinking on my part! Or was it?

"Hey you! Right on time. Keep that up for the weekend and we will have no problems at all. Come on in and lets have a talk as to what we are going to do with you and what you can expect from this weekend. Follow my every direction and nobody ever has to know your little 'interest.'"

I told her that I would, and that I would be VERY good! She smiled and said that she believes that I will. She also said some thing very interesting and intriguing as she turned to lead the way,

"Who knows, this might be fun for us both!"

There went my cock to full erection again! (Oh, to be that age again!)

With Sally walking in front of me leading the way, I got a chance to inspect what she was wearing and realized for the first time that day that she was wearing some REALLY sexy and almost slutty clothes! I was so

so caught up with fear and anticipation that I did not even first notice. HOW??? How could I miss this? She looked like a Hollywood Starlet or a high-class call girl! Hey I was kind of young but not stupid! I saw TV. I have seen high-class hookers on TV. I sure was NOT gonna say anything to Sally or even let her know I was liking what I saw, and at this point, did not let her see me checking her out.

She had on a short (about 2-3" above her knee) gray skirt suit. The skirt matched her jacket, which she wore with a white blouse. Now the juicy part, on her legs was a very sexy and shiny pair of off black nylons. I was not sure if they were pantyhose or thigh high stockings. While I love pantyhose just as much, I was hoping, or should I say "fantasizing," they were a nice pair of thigh high stockings with a nice dark welt on the tops hidden under her skirt and attached to a sexy open bottom girdle like the one I wore on Monday! That was my hopes, anyway.

On her sexy feet was a pair of really high-heeled open toe shoes. Sally's toenails were perfectly painted dark red and looked so nice all bunched in a row and peeking out from the sheer veil of nylon. Her blond hair was wild, yet perfect. Her makeup was very dramatic, and again, perfect. Her lips were painted a dark glossy maroon like her toenails. Her eye makeup was really cool and again most dramatic that swept up on the sides of her almond shaped eyes.

Sally sat me down at her kitchen table and than pulled another chair around the table to be on the long end like me. She sat right across from me and reached to twist my chair to face her. Sally than sat back and crossed her long sexy silky legs. I KNOW she knew what she was doing to me. I just sat there not knowing what to expect, and too afraid to move.

Sally took a cigarette from a pack and in an almost choreographed, yet natural and very feminine manner, she held it to her painted lips and lit it with her lighter. She took a slow drag on its white filter tip and than looked at me staring at her in total awe! She smiled that little wicked smile of hers, and than blew my mind, as she blew out her smoke, by asking if I cared for one? I told her no thanks, I don't smoke. I was so shocked she offered, and was once again transfixed with her feminine ways. She than explained that since I shared her nylons and girdle, I might want to share her cigarettes too. I was now looking at how feminine she held it in her hands. How sexy her long sculptured deep red fingernails framed and added to the whole sexy look, and not to mention the dark red lipstick, which made its mark on the white tip of her long Virginia Slim cigarette. Sally sure knew how to be the perfectly sexy woman.

Sally seamed to slightly straighten herself up and change her playful and very teasing direction. She re-crossed her silky legs. After taking another drag on her cigarette, she bent her wrist and than held her hand holding her cigarette up and to her side, then with the other hand, reached across her midsection to hold her elbow. Where did this woman learn all these super feminine and very sexy gestures! She was truly a master!

She than asked me why I thought I wanted to put on her clothes. I told her I don't know but they looked so interesting and almost called to me. I told her that I was very sorry for doing it and making her angry with me. I also told her that I would do anything if she did not tell her boys and especially my parents. I would never live it down, I told her. She just shook her head and agreed. She told me that WE need to understand why I did this and if I fully co-operate with her, again she would tell nobody. She said that she found it kind of sweet and very interesting. I told her that certainly I would do everything she told me. Sally smiled and said that was a great answer and added that this could even be fun for us both! This will be our little secret.

Sally burst up from her chair and again grabbed

my hand and walked me down the hall to her room. I thought I would faint as I saw her room coming closer and wondering what was SOON to happen to me. I was very excited, and my cock was now fully erect in my pants. As we walked into the room, Sally let go of my hand, and as she went to the night stand to grab the ash-tray to put out her cigarette, she told me to strip! My heart nearly jumped from my chest and was beating five times faster. I did as I was told and went all the way down to my underwear. She looked at me like I forgot to close the freezer door and told me to strip all the way down. Sally told me not to be shy with her cause I don't have anything she has not seen many times before. Plus, she reminded me, that she does have two boys.

With that I did as she said and soon my cock was out and in full view to show how excited I was to be there. Sally sat down and looked me up and down in silence. I did not know what to do, say, or even where to look. I was excited but very uncomfortable. It seamed like hours (not really) when she completed her assessment and started to spell out my destiny. When her red painted lips started to form the words, at that moment she would have an affect on my total being from that moment till today and beyond. It shaped my sexuality, mannerisms, fashion, and "manhood!"

Sally told me that after almost a week of thinking about what she caught me doing, she has decided that there was no REAL harm done. She felt a little invaded at first and than very flattered. She gave my situation a LOT of thought in those few days past. She decided that I could be a very rare and treasured being. She told me that she knew how wonderful it was to be a woman, and unlike most girls in the world, she did not take that for granted most of the time. Sally told me that she loved feeling like a woman and all the special benefits that were included.

She than shocked me (once again) and told me that she loved how her feminine ways and all of her sexy girl clothes made men rock hard and just melt in her hands and her bed. Oh my God, I can't believe she was telling me this like I was some girlfriend over for coffee. I told her that I didn't really understand, but to myself, I knew my cock would not be getting soft for some time to come! Sally said that we have a whole weekend to help me understand exactly what she meant.

Sally than asked me if I REALLY wanted to feel what its like to be a woman. If I wanted to experience the power of being a woman and to not only feel the sexy clothes kissing my sweet young body but know how the wonderful and almost magical effects they cause to happen. I was a bit lost but VERY interested. As she was lighting another cigarette, she also added that once we started, I was committed for the full experience and there would be no backing out or there would be EXTREAME HELL to pay! Her serious look (and I knew she was VERY serious!) turned to a sexy and reassuring smile, and for the first time, made mention to my very hard cock and that she can tell that I did. All with that wicked and VERY sexy smile of hers!

"Lets get you on your way to being a sexy little chick."

I said I would love too. Sally walked me into her private bath and drew a nice hot bath and put lots of scented bubbles in it. While the tub filled, she continued to heighten the day just when I thought that was impossible at that point. She said that if she was going to do this right she would not want to mess her expensive clothes, so without even a blink, she started to strip down to just her lacy bra, sheer silky pantyhose, and heels. She was not wearing any underwear with her nylons and I could easily see her little patch of neatly trimmed pubic hair through the tight sheer and shiny nylon. She than stepped up right next to me and tilted my head back, and with a

calculated pause, she asked I was comfortable with her being nearly nude in front of her. I told her I was fine.

Just then, my rock hard cock came in contact with the space between her pantyhosed legs! Talk about electricity! She told me that was great and she wanted me to feel comfortable with each other like we were two girlfriends. I said that I would really love that and that I would try my hardest. She made no attempt to move away, leaving my hard cock to rub against her silky nylons! She looked deep into my face as she took another drag from her cigarette while studying my face and hair. She than snapped out of her trance and told me to slide into the nice bubbles while she gets a few things for my transformation!

The hot water and all the wonderful scented bubbles felt so good all over and helped ease my tense and nervous body. Sally returned with a little bag of female tools in one hand and again holding her cigarette so masterfully with her other hand while still just in her half naked state! Sally pulled up the short stool next to the tub and told me that we need to make sure that my body was silky smooth. She than produced a girl's razor and started to shave my entire body and just when I pretty much done, she told me to stand up and while she shapes my "pussy patch!" I just loved ing as she shaved with an expert confidence, and not take long till I had a sexy little racing strip for hair. It felt so good to feel her touching my cock and while she shaved me. Her face was so very close, it driving me crazy hoping she would take my cock in her mouth. No such luck!

When she was all done, I was standing in the tub facing her as she stood up and stepped back to assess her work. There I was totally silky smooth and with my pubic hair in a VERY feminine design, that of a hot teen-age girl ready for her man! She than broke from her studying to tell me that I looked perfect, and by the way, I just experienced the power "us" girls have with a guy. I told her I was not sure what she meant, and she smiled her wicked smile and looked right into my eyes as she walked up to me and grabbed my hard cock in her silky hands. Sally told me that she knew I was wishing inside that she would open her mouth and give me a blowjob when her mouth was so close to my crotch. I was shocked and amazed on how she could have known that! Was she a mind reader or something? Sally then said that was lesson #1. Again with her confidant smile, she told me that was an example of what "us" girls could do to a guy if and when we wanted too! We can make him want it sooooo bad, but just tease him by ignoring his needs. I told her I sure could see that.

Sally said we need to get busy and get me turned into a hot sexy girl. I nodded my head yes. I stepped out of the tub and Sally handed me a nice warm, fluffy pink towel. She then wrapped my head in another one just like I have seen my mom do when she finished a bath. I felt so feminine and naughty, but very relaxed. Sally told me to sit down at her vanity table, with the lighted mirror, and turn the chair towards the one she had pulled up near mine. When I did, she scooted her chair to place my now smooth and very sensitive shaved legs slid right between hers. I was touching her nylons again but his time it had a whole new feeling. A whole new yummy feeling!

To think how just a glance up, while going to the bathroom, would end up with me well on my way to a venture of a lifetime and all in less then a week! I wanted this not to end and to learn everything from Sally!

My Wedding Dress

An account of my trip to try on a wedding dress

My name is Ryan and I recently went shopping for a wedding dress. I write the details of this story so that I can relive the memories while I write it, and, hopefully, I can inspire more of you out there who read this account to do the same.

I went on a few night trips without my wife, and while driving, passed a store called "David's Bridal." The store was some thirty miles from my home and I vowed to myself that I would stop there on my drive back. I did.

My drive back was on a Sunday and I stopped at the store. It was a mad house! Brides-to-be everywhere. I walked through the busy aisles and looked at the thousands of dresses on the racks. The store was so busy with so many people that I must have been assumed to be a potential groom or brother of one of the brides, just wandering about. I lost my nerve to ask for a fitting and took a business card from the counter.

From the safety of my own vehicle outside, I called the store and asked about getting an appointment. The woman inside asked if the bride needed to make the appointment for today or would it be possible to make one for a day later in the week. Without as much trepidation as I would have thought I would have required, I told the lady on the phone that the appointment was for me. Then I added, "You have fit for men before, haven't you?" I don't really know why I said that, but she said, "That's not a problem... I just think that particularly in these circumstances, a weekday appointment would be best."

We set a time for Wednesday afternoon.

I arrived ten minutes early on Wednesday and took some deep relaxing breaths in my car. I walked in and noticed the difference between mid-week and week-end - there were only a small handful of people in the store. At the counter a woman asked, "May I help you."

"Yes," I replied, "I'm Ryan and I have an appointment."

Well, the woman then couldn't look at me while she talked and said, "Please fill out these papers and your consultant will be right with you."

Moments later, she introduced me (still not looking at me) to Christine. Christine took me to the racks and asked me if I knew what I was looking for. I took Christine's hand and asked her if she had ever donefit a man. She had once. I then told her how absolutely proud I was of myself for being in the store and going through with this. She told me not to worry, we'd be fine.

She asked me if I knew what my dress size was and if it was similar to men's sizes. I told her I wear a size 14 dress. She told me she would have put me in an 8. I thanked her for the compliment, but I was pretty sure of my size.

I told her that I wanted a dress with some sleeves (didn't want to shave my arm pits) and something simple, yet elegant. We picked out a few and went to the corner dressing room. This dressing room was away from all the others and had its own private mirror so that the bride would not have to go out to the main room. Christine handed me a full under-skirt and a bustier with padding. She told me that the way she usually works with her brides is that they put those things on and then she comes in and helps with the dress. I took off my boy-clothing and put on the undergarments. Christine entered and explained to me how one dives into the dress and then helped me with the first. I emerged on the other end and was beaming with joy. A look in the mirror was a bit disturbing, but looking down at my body and seeing the beautiful white dress made me the happiest girl I have ever been. Christine graciously took a picture of me with my camera and helped me change into the dress of my dreams. It was in horizontal stripes of cream with little shoulders that fell off of the arm. I wish I were a poet to describe the beauty and the wonderful feeling. The only thing I wish I had done was ask for a veil, but there is always next time.

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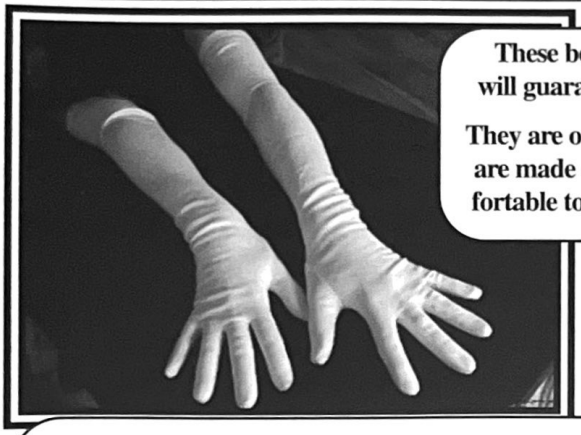

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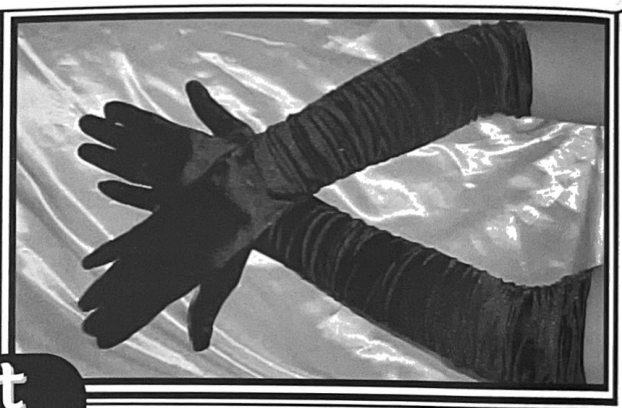

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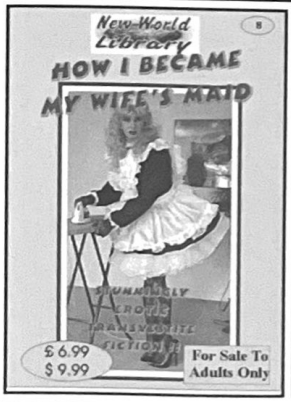

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